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CITY OF WASHINGTON.

# MRS. ROXALANA DRUSE'S HANGING



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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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THE PASTOR'S PISTOL.

DOMINIE WARD OF ENGLEWOOD, N. J., WAKES HIS WIFE UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT BECAUSE HE CAN'T SLEEP AND THEN TRIES TO MURDER HER AND KILL HIMSELF.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Square, N. Y.FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1887.

## THAT BELT.

In regard to an utterly unfounded report that the "Police Gazette" Diamond Belt is to be given to Jem Smith, the champion pugilist of England, it is just as well to state that the belt represents the heavy-weight championship of the world. It was offered for competition by the donor, Richard K. Fox, exactly as a racing organization or a boat club offers a championship trophy.

The "Police Gazette" Diamond Belt is not a plaything, a toy, or a bauble for one man to own and exhibit, but it must be claimed, fought for and its possession be defended by the winner according to the rules governing the same.

No boxer living owns the belt, neither can it be his personal property until he has fought for it and defended it against all comers for three years.

Sullivan does not hold the trophy, neither does any other pugilist, simply because it has never been claimed and a deposit posted according to the rules. If Sullivan were to put up a deposit and claim the "Police Gazette" Belt and agree to defend it against all comers, on giving the necessary security required, he would be entitled to take the belt and defend its possession. Every other boxer has precisely the same privilege. The Diamond Belt is now, technically speaking, public property. It has been put up for the champions of both hemispheres to contend for, and neither Jem Smith, John L. Sullivan, Patsy Cardiff, nor John Knifton will ever own the belt except by the rules governing the same. On Smith's arrival at Philadelphia the belt will be exhibited on the stage, and should he put up his money and give security to defend it against all comers he will be allowed to exhibit it until he is challenged to fight for it. These are the only conditions on which Smith will have the loan of the belt, which will not be given to him and still less owned by him.

## WORSE THAN BLASPHEMY.

About as disgusting a feature as any of the case of Mrs. Druse, hanged at Herkimer, N. Y.—and justly hanged—for the hideous, cold-blooded butchery of her husband, is the behavior of her spiritual adviser, who wished it to be understood in justice to his penitent and himself that she remained faithful to the Baptist creed and had not been converted by him to that of the Universalists. Not content with a speech on the gallows conceived in the most detestable taste, he is, on next Sunday, to preach her funeral sermon from a text selected by herself—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." The brutal blasphemy of coupling the last words of the innocent victim who died upon the cross to save mankind with the gallows to which this wretched woman was taken under the influence of whiskey copiously administered, is an insult to Christianity and to all decent men and women.

She convinced herself, with the help of her spiritual adviser, that she was an innocent victim, and the poor wretch can hardly be blamed for a delusion evidently encouraged by those around her, including the pastor. She gave the reporter poems which she says she was inspired to write, and she was very grateful to the *World* for its kindness in publishing gush about her. She requested it to say from her as her last message to the public:

"Although I am to die to-morrow I am consoled by the thought that I have thousands of sympathizing friends who would save me even at the last hour if it were possible. I have had every little wish gratified since I have been confined here, and the memory of the kindness and sympathy I have received will sustain me at the end. For those who have been bitter towards me I have no reproach. I hope God will forgive them, for they know not what they do."

This is quite in the spirit of a martyr dying for some great and holy cause, only martyrs are not in the habit of boasting about their feelings, nor do they appeal to the public. The wretched murderer, however, between doses of whiskey and doses of cant from sympathizing friends had been brought into a condition of mind that apparently excited great admiration on the part of numerous readers.

In view of the tendency of parsons to make long, improper and blasphemous speeches when escorting their protégés to the gibbet it would be an excellent thing to limit them by law to a short prayer and a benediction. Otherwise a public hanging will soon be as noisy and obtrusive as a convention of the Salvation Army.

## STAGE SKIMMINGS.

I have been asked so often about the various occasions from which "these our actors" have sprung that I have been at the pains to make a list thereof. Here it is.

I find that the genial comedian, William Florence, was a newsboy, and afterwards connected himself with the dramatic profession as a "super." George Wilson, of the Museum company, was once the clerk in a State street bank, and he sometimes says that he will never see as much money again as he used to see in his youth. "Adonis" Dixey was a clerk in Loring Waterhouse's dry goods store on Washington street, and he sold light blue or dark blue ribbon just as neatly in reality as he now does in mimic fashion in *Adonis*. John McCullough—big-hearted, genial John—was a foundryman in a Pittsburgh foundry.

Osmond Tearle used to be a drug clerk, and even now he sometimes mixes up a prescription just to keep his hand in. Lawrence Barrett was a waiter in a restaurant, but he was a poor waiter; he has been more successful as an actor. When Dion Boucicault discovered poor Harry Montague, he was a clerk in a real estate office, supporting his mother and sister by his labors. Arthur Bell is an architect by profession, and has also been identified with the wholesale tea trade. John Howson was the first violinist in an Australian orchestra, and also studied for the ministry, the calling of his father.

Ada Rehan, the popular leading lady of Augustin Daly's company, used to be a school teacher down in Bridgeport, Conn. Ebenezer Plympton is a Boston boy and used to work in a machine shop, which may account for his rugged physique. Harry Lee used to work for his father in the capacity of a butcher before he became the "dude" of the American stage.

J. B. Studley, of the Louis Jamer company, was at one time the pilot of a canal boat. An enemy of Studley claims that if one shouts "low bridge," even unto the present day, Studley will bend his body. Frank Bangs was a lawyer in good standing, but he did not make any money, so he became a good actor. Italo Campagni, the tenor, was a blacksmith, and afterwards he went to the war under Garibaldi.

Tony Pastor was a circus clown, and this accounts for the many old stories which he will insist upon telling an audience. He cannot forget his early training. Ben Maginly, one of the best old men actors on the stage, was also in his more youthful days a circus clown. John A. Stevens, author and actor, was formerly a painter and glazier by profession. J. W. Thompson was a car conductor in the West in his early days. The late Adelaide Neilson served her apprenticeship as a barmalad. Charles Coghlan was a medical student in Paris. In adopting the stage he saved the lives of many innocent persons.

Willie Edouin was a hostler in his father's stables in Australia. Frank Sherry studied for the Catholic ministry. Victor Capoul, the French tenor, was a barber, and invented the variety of beard known by his name. William Horace Lingard was a waiter in an English restaurant which is not "English, you know," by the way. Frank Kilday's occupation was that of a clerk in a dry goods store. Joe Emmett was a bootblack in the West and even to this day loves to "pick up a shine."

Edward J. Buckley was a clever exponent of the noble art of self defense. Dan Magulness was a stage carpenter and afterwards sang sweet ballads between the acts. Frank Mordaunt was a bartender. Dan Frohman used to work in a New York slaughterhouse. Afterwards he became a newspaper man, but as he made more money than he could spend he forsook this profession for the field of managerial speculation.

The common report is that Henry A. Abbey was an uncommonly clever salesman in a jewelry store at Akron, O. Richard Mansfield was a salesman at Jordon, Marsh & Co.'s establishment on Washington street. J. H. Ryley was the call boy in a London music store. John Mackey was a school teacher, and a good one, too. Warden Ramsey was a salesman in a dry goods store. Charles Wyndham was an attendant in a London Turkish bath. Thomas Keene threw down the cleaver and butcher's apron to become an actor.

Bertha Welby used to be an upper servant of great wealth before going on the stage. Frank Evans was originally intended for the priesthood, but threw up this vocation for a life on the stage. Cyril Searle was a good composer, but left this noble profession for a few dollars more per week as an actor.

Frank Mayo was a super in a California theatre. Willie Seymour has been on the stage since he was 2 years old. Henry C. de Mille studied for the ministry and was afterward professor of science in the preparatory school at Columbia College. Gus Williams sang songs in cheap music halls. Billy Emerson was a salesman. Maurice Baylymire was a student at Trinity College, Dublin, and studied medicine. Lotta used to sing in 'Frisco concert halls many years ago. Albert Lang worked in his father's brewery in this city.

The late Harry Bloodgood was employed at the Ordnance Department in Washington. Francis Wilson is a graduate of the variety stage, although originally intended for the ministry. Wilson Barrett traveled with barnstormers in his early youth and thus received his training. The late Edward A. Sothern was intended for a doctor.

Miss Patrice Boucicault, daughter of Agnes Robertson and Dion Boucicault, was advertised to make her first appearance on any stage on Feb. 20 at Music Hall with a sacred concert. She was on the programme for two recitations. The immense house was crowded. The galleries were filled with a rather rough class. The second number on the programme was a long reading, and it worried the gallery to such an extent that, before the recitation was half through, the reader was booted off the stage. Miss Boucicault followed with "The Battle flag of the Shenandoah," and did it fairly well, although the temper of the house was averse to the reading.

When she came on to read "Too Late for the Train"

the gallery became restive, and after a dozen lines had been rendered there was an outburst of cat-calls, groans and other manifestations. Dion Boucicault was present, and when his daughter was treated in this manner rose from his seat near the stage and defiantly faced the audience. The little lady, taking the cue from her father, assumed a defiant attitude and, despite interruptions, finished her lines and dignifiedly left the stage.

Fay Templeton has commenced proceedings against the manager of the Gaiety theatre, London, to restrain him from discharging her. The manager says her stage dress was so inadequate as to scandalize the Lord Chamberlain, and that is why he bounced her. Fay was advised to wear a sash or scarf which she plumply refused. Of course everybody knows that Fay is naughty enough to delight in creating just such a sensation in London, and if she has really scandalized the Lord Chamberlain she has accomplished what has been hitherto regarded as impossible.

Almost everybody who has seen "Held by the Enemy" marvels at the cleverness with which the sound of horses on a gallop is imitated. Somebody of an inquisitive turn of mind has looked in behind the scenes, and thus gives the mechanism away. Outside of the entrance to the tent stands the property man, and attached to his hands by straps, like shampooing brushes, are two blocks of wood shaped something like horses' hoofs, and hollowed out. To these are loosely fastened real horseshoes. With these appliances the property man makes all the noise, and the rocky road is simply a thin slab of sandstone covered with a bit of rubber cloth and resting on wooden uprights.

Actors sometimes get a dislike to a city and can not be persuaded to play in it. Maggie Mitchell is one of them. Away back in '63, during the war, the newspapers of this city pitched into her because of her Confederate proclivities and since then "The Little Rebel," as she was called, cannot be induced to play here, nor will husband Paddock book her. The present generation have, of course, forgotten all about it, and would, no doubt, give her a rousing reception, but she has neither forgotten nor forgiven.

Edwin Booth has not appeared at the national capital, until lately, since the rebellion, and it was his fixed determination not to do so, but his sterling good sense conquered an honorable delicacy and he was splendidly received.

Janauschek will not play to an Augusta, Ga., audience, owing to personal reasons which none of her managers have been able to talk her out of. Daniel Bandman has told several Western audiences that he would never appear before them again, and he has so far kept his promise.

Sarah Jewitt would not play in Chicago, until tempted by the Edgar syndicate, and many attributed the Sedan the company suffered among the lake dwellers to her presence in the company.

Victory Creese, of the "Romany Rye" company, has filed a bill for divorce against her husband, Sheldon Bateman, at Detroit. Mrs. Bateman alleges the usual cause with Miss Kate Holloman, a member of the company during the season of 1885, as the party of the second part.

Here is an authentic copy of the salary list of the Holiday Street theatre, Baltimore, for the week ending Aug. 28, 1885. Manager, Mr. John T. Ford. George C. Boniface, Leading..... \$20.00 Henry A. Langdon, Heavy..... 18.00 Wm. H. Briggs, Juvenile..... 16.00 John J. Wallace, 2d Heavy..... 12.00 J. B. Fuller, Old Man..... 30.00 John H. Jack, 2d Old Man..... 14.00 Harry Chapman and wife, Comedy..... 15.00 Israel J. Phillips, Stage Manager..... 8.00 John W. Albaugh, Utilitarian..... 5.00 Sam'l Drake..... 8.00 Sandy Jameson and Orchestra..... 32.00 Mrs. I. B. Phillips, Leading..... 25.00 Mrs. Helen Muzzy, Heavy..... 25.00 Mrs. G. C. German, Old Woman..... 18.00 Nellie Moran, Juvenile..... 15.00 M. Le Roy, Utilitarian..... 5.00 Rent, License, Gas, Attachees, Bill Posting, etc. \$85.25 Total..... \$705.25 C. W. TAYLOR, Treasurer.

Of these above-named, Harry Chapman died suddenly in New York, his wife, Mrs. Julia Chapman, is at present in London with her daughter Elsie. Her brother, Sam Drake, son of the famous tragic actress, the late Mrs. Alexander Drake, is an inmate of the Louisville Almshouse. Sandy Jameson died several years ago in Cleveland at the age of ninety-two years. Briggs went into the Union army, rose to be a corporal, and after the civil war died a tramp. Miss Le Roy was burnt to death in Wheatley's National theatre, Philadelphia, some time in 1889. Nellie Moran, who narrowly escaped a similar fate upon the stage of Holiday Street theatre, during a performance, was recently a member of one of the traveling companies of the Madison Square theatre. Mrs. German, mother of Elsie, was lately acting in New York. She has been nearly sixty years on the stage. Her husband, Greene C. German, was the original *Uncle Tom*. Her son, John, is a member of Wallack's company. George Boniface is starring. Major John H. Jack, after serving the Union gallantly in the field, became a star, and traveled around the world playing "Falauf" chiefly. Langdon, formerly with John McCullough, is yet an actor of good repute. Albaugh, brother-in-law of Maggie Mitchell, is manager of the same theatre—rebuilt—in which he then played small parts. The then manager, John T. Ford, after filling many positions of public and private trust is still an honored citizen of Baltimore.

Charles Manbrey was completely broken up by the discoveries he made that led him to take steps to ward securing a divorce from his wife, Miss Emma Clefden.

"Bob" Downing's magnificent performance of "Spartacus" filled the People's theatre from pit to dome. The twenty-eighth of February saw his two hundredth representation of the part—and a mighty fine one it was. New Yorkers long ago learned that the People's is about the handsomest and best-appointed house in the entire city. It has absolutely redeemed the Bowery from its ancient odium, and is nightly attended by the very *elite* of the town. No wonder that under such circumstances the genial smile of Brother J. Charles Davis has gained additional breadth.

WOODEN SPOON.

## OUR PICTURES.

## An Insane Woman's Leap.

As preparations were being made Feb. 24 to take Mrs. Bessie Hardgrove, who recently became insane to Trenton, she eluded her attendants and jumped from a second-story window, injuring herself seriously. Her husband is one of the Board of Freeholders of Somerset county.

## By Main Strength.

Nevada City boasts of a strong man, a big Cornish miner, who, the other day, when a rider's saddle turned and threw him to the ground with his foot fast in the stirrup, seized the frightened horse by the tail and held him by main strength until the rider was rescued from his dangerous situation.

## A Village Falling Into the Mississippi.

The river bank at Leota, Miss., suddenly began caving Feb. 23, and made such rapid headway that the warehouse and office at the landing, with their contents, including a large quantity of corn, hay, and pork, and other merchandise, went into the river. The caving has not yet stopped, and the large storehouse of Frankel & Kilks is expected to go into the river at any moment. A number of residences are also in danger.

## A Dastard's Shot.

Mrs. Matilda Warren, aged 23, was fatally shot at 7:30 Feb. 19th, at Cincinnati, by Ed Jordan, a sign painter. Mrs. Warren was on her way to the grocery when she met Jordan beating her small boy. She remonstrated with him for doing so, when he drew a revolver from his pocket and fired, the bullet penetrating her left lung. The lady's husband was standing in his doorway at the time and saw the shot fired, but did not know that it had been directed at his wife, until she staggered toward him and fell. She was carried into the house and a physician summoned. Jordan escaped and Mrs. Warren is dead.

## Heroic Treatment.

Officer John McIntyre of the Twenty-third District, Philadelphia, came to the station house on Feb. 19, mad with drink. On entering the roll room he made a dash for the pistol rack, and before any one could get near him, seized a pistol and began firing at the occupants. There was a general scurry for the doors, and in a few seconds he was left in full possession. Lieut. Lyons attempted to enter the roll room and capture McIntyre. Directly he opened the door, however, McIntyre recommenced firing and the Lieutenant was forced to retire. Then, finding that it would be impossible to reach him without first making him powerless, Lieut. Lyons took his own revolver, and stealthily opening the door wide enough to admit of his getting a good aim, brought the madman down with a shot. A patrol wagon was immediately summoned, when it was found that McIntyre was helplessly wounded and he was taken to the German Hospital. It is thought that he is seriously wounded.

## He Hugged 'Em.

The committee on the hospital investigation at Weston, W. Va., recalled Sarah Cain and asked her if she withheld anything detrimental to Dr. Bland in her former statement. She answered in the affirmative, whereupon the chairman told her to disclose such statements. Among many things of an indecent nature, she said that she had seen Bland hugging female patients on different occasions, and that she knew of him frequenting other parts of the hospital at unreasonable hours. Bland's explanation is that the patients Mrs. Cain refers to were of a nature that an affectionate embrace from any one would quickly subdue the weird hallucinations they entertained, and upon this occasion he was the "embracer." Mrs. Cain was held for three hours, and a great deal of her testimony cannot be learned. Mr. Swint, a painter, testified also to seeing Bland go in female apartments and close doors at bed time. It was shown that one woman was sent away from the institution who was in a delicate condition. The committee is now considering the propriety of going over the whole examination again, as many things stated are not satisfactorily explained, in their opinion.

## Chasing Evangelists.

For the past two weeks a band of five white itinerant preachers from the North, three men and two women, calling themselves "Holiness Evangelists," have been holding services on the public streets in Columbia, S. C. In their harangues they attacked the Catholic Church, reflected on clergymen of all denominations, and slandered the character of the ladies of Columbia. They were also stirring up ill-feeling among the negroes, among whom they fraternized and upon whose charity they lived, so the other night a crowd of 100 young men, composed principally of students belonging to the State University, proceeded to the lodging place of the evangelists and ordered them to leave town within twelve hours upon pain of being tarred and feathered. Upon their refusing to do so, the mob grew furious and getting a long rope made a halter of it, fastening it around their necks and dragging the party, including the two women, out into the rain, which was falling heavily, without anything to protect them, and started them in a procession around the town. The females could hardly walk for fear and cold from the exposure. A crowd followed them, pelting the unfortunate with all kinds of missiles and subjecting them to all kinds of indignities, kicking and hitting them as they were dragged, crying, praying through the streets. This was kept up for two hours, until the women gave out from exhaustion and fell as they walked. The crowd then dragged them to the Union Depot, where a collection was taken up with which tickets as far as Sumter were purchased, and they were hustled on the 10 o'clock express for the North on the Atlantic line, and the conductor warned not to let them off until their destination was reached. The evangelists had no time to get any clothing, but had to leave all their effects behind. The authorities did not interfere with the crowd, but let them do as they pleased with the obnoxious religionists.

## THE "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES.

All the important fights and boxing matches of the present day are contested under the "Police Gazette" rules, which have been pronounced the only rules under which a match can be squarely fought to the satisfaction of all parties. Copies of these rules can be obtained free on application to Richard K. Fox, Police Gazette Publishing House, Franklin Square, New York.

## THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and  
Woman's Worse than  
Weakness.



Ida M. Bowman.

A pretty woman, with a clear, smooth complexion, decked with bright eyes and lips of the brightest ruby, sat in Judge Tuley's court, Chicago, one day last week, the most innocent observer of the legal proceeding and unconscious of the many eyes upon her. Her dress was rich; on her head was a lace of a bonnet, while a fine seal sacque was thrown back from her shoulders owing to the warmth of the room. It was Mrs. Ida M. Bowman, the alleged wife of Frank J. Bowman, the well known lawyer of St. Louis. A motion was made by her attorneys, Case, Hogan & Case, against Mr. Bowman for alimony pendente lite. She commenced proceedings for divorce against him about six weeks ago, claiming a common law marriage. Affidavits were read by the lawyer for the defense, claiming that Bowman never married Ida, but lived with her as his mistress while living with his first wife, that after his divorce from No. 1 on June 22 he was married to Estelle Platt in September, 1886. Several affidavits were presented to show that the marriage with Miss Platt was a bona fide one. Attorney Theodore Case read an affidavit from the plaintiff that the divorce spoken of was in reality given June 24, and that Bowman at once came to Chicago and on June 27 married her before a witness at 203 Webster avenue, saying that he was opposed to other ceremonies. At his request she remained in Chicago. Several letters and telegrams were offered in evidence, among which a dispatch as follows, announcing the divorce.

HAMILTON, La., June 24.

Mrs. Ida M. Bowman, 203 Webster avenue, Chicago, Ill. My case decided; decree granted; expect me Sunday a.m.

FRANK.

A letter which has a peculiar reference to some secret affairs with Col. Vilas and President Cleveland was written later, and is as follows:

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL,  
MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.  
July 6, 1886. 1 P. M.

MY DEAREST IDA—I arrived here to-day and you have surprised and delighted me with three sweet letters, all just like your dear self, two forwarded through Capt. Martin and one sent direct, acknowledging mine with express receipt for the \$75. I hope you received the little note and fan with a bird on it for Ethel. Can see you with your arms filled with "our love" at the window when I came away. Oh, Ida, what a sweet, lovely little woman you are; do not worry about your Frank, he is all right. I must see Mayor Grace about the Pulitzer case at 2 p. m. to-day, must also see Judge Dillon and Jay Gould about business. I think it now probable that I will locate here, although I can do well—very well by going to Washington. The only drawback about Washington is that at this time of the year it is almost as warm as St. Louis, while here on the Atlantic the weather is delightful. I may have to return to Washington before starting West and North. I think Col. Vilas will, with some of his friends, go to camp with me. The chances are that President Cleveland will take his wife to Buffalo, and there take a steamer and come up the lake to Duluth to join Col. Vilas and come to our camp on Brule river. Do not mention this to any one for it must not leak out. I do not know that he will go, but if he does it must not be known. If he does not, I, of course, do not want it mentioned. From all I hear his wife is a very remarkable woman, one who would enjoy such a paralytic as we have at Brule River. Your health is a matter of much concern to me now, but I am not worried about it. Be sure and see your doctor whenever necessary. I hope another letter from you to-morrow if you have received my last and the fan by express as I sent it. Cheerful and hopeful and hardly daring to think of the pleasure we have in store for us in the bright future, with more of love for you and ours than can be sent in this poor little letter. I remain, now as always, your FRANK.

P. S.—Do not fail to write me one of your sweetest, best letters when you receive this.

JEHOZADAK JONES.

[With Portrait.]

Jeozadak Jones for many years lived alone in a cottage on the outskirts of Ashland, Pa. He was a ways reputed to be a rich man. Twenty years ago his only daughter, Sarah Jones, ran off with a young miner named Edward Allan, whom she married.

Since that time Jones, whose wife had been dead several years, never allowed a woman to enter his house. The Allans took up their quarters in Mt. Carmel. Five children were born to them. Six years ago the husband was killed by an explosion in a colliery. Mrs. Allan was left penniless with the five children. She went to her father's house with the intention of asking him for assistance. Jones poked his head from a second-story window, and seeing who it was, ordered her away. Not obeying he proceeded to hurl at her chairs, stools and such other articles. Mrs. Allan was glad to escape with her life and a few painful bruises. By unceasing industry she managed to keep the wolf from the door.

Four weeks ago Jones was stricken with pneumonia. For four days he suffered alone before his illness was discovered. Mrs. Allan, believing that her place was by her father's bedside, hastened to the house. Jones greeted her with abusive language and oaths. As she did not at once leave him he hurled medicine bottles, glasses and spoons at her. Mrs. Allan left the house. Just as she turned from the sick room Jones called after her with an oath: "Never come near me till I nod my head to you."

Mrs. Allan sent a young man to nurse her father. The old gentleman finding himself so ill made no objections to his new attendant.

Last week as Mrs. Allan was sitting in her bedroom, she was startled by suddenly noticing upon one of the window panes the outline of a head. As she looked it gradually grew more distinct in form until it appeared a perfect likeness of her father's head, resting on a pillow. As the bewildered woman gazed with strained eyes, the eyelids of the portrait opened and shut a number of times. With state, yet with benignity, the head nodded and nodded again.

For a minute Mrs. Allan was too frightened to move. Then seizing her bonnet she ran to her father's house.

"Welcome, daughter," said the old man. "I am dying. I forgive you and I ask your forgiveness for my years of neglect and harshness."

Jones lived an hour longer. He turned his bank account and valuable papers over to his daughter before he died, and told her where she would find \$60,000 concealed in the house. Altogether, Mrs. Allan, now an orphan, is some \$170,000 richer by the reconciliation.

News of the marvelous appearance of the head upon the window pane soon spread for miles around. The head can still be seen. The next night it had grown so indistinct that it is not likely any sign of it will be visible at present. The picture looks as if it has been engraved on the glass. There was no frost or mist on any of the panes. When the crowd first began to gather, the head nodded with a slow and dignified motion at intervals of fifteen minutes. Alfred Stockton, a skeptical drug clerk, undertook to wash the picture off the glass with a soft sponge diluted with ammonia. No sooner had he touched the head than such a shock of intense pain ran through his hand, arm and body that he rushed yelling from the house, and no persuasion could bring him back again.

## WITH KID GLOVES.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A fight with ounce gloves between ladies, heavy weights of fashion and society, is the talk of the modish circles. The affair grew in gossip to several distinct and engrossed rounds, but careful investigation, extending clear back to actual spectators, dwindles it down to a skirmish of no more than five seconds. But a fistie encounter it undeniably was. The unposted reader could not in a thousand times trying guess what it is that excites our shoppers to the most frantic physical antagonism. It is the sight of a real bargain counter in the china department of a big store. Several of the immense retail fancy establishments keep a conspicuous long table exclusive to the sale of things below value. Every day it is stocked anew. The utmost secrecy is maintained as to what the forthcoming offerings are to be. Only the managers know beforehand. The clerks are not told. Suddenly a lot of goods will be transferred to the bargain counter and ticketed with figures far below usual ones. Then there is a rush of shoppers, depending for vim on the character of the things displayed.

Well, it was under the stress and strain of one of these tumultuous occasions that the temper of the two Fifth avenue matrons broke. Both simultaneously grabbed a fragile china dish and said she'd take that. Neither would let go. Their words became sharp, their color red, their nerves twichy and their muscles strenuous. The dish was fractured. That meant defeat for both. The kid glove of one was torn by the broken edge.

"Scratch me, will you?" she exclaimed, choosing to accept the slight hurt as intentional. "I'll show you."

What she showed was her two hands, with which she pushed the enemy. The other retaliated with a clutch of raiment, and got a shaking up of her own millinery in return. Then the floor-walker separated them, and they went into the private office to have hysterical fits. Those are the facts, and the reader would esteem them more important if the names were also given.

## TORTURED FOR HIS GOLD.

[Subject of Illustration.]

John Bortmas, aged 70 years, lives alone in a small house in Oakland township, Center county, Pa. He always kept several hundred dollars secreted in his house. Between 8 and 9 o'clock the other evening Bortmas heard a knock at his door. He saw three men, heavily masked, standing on the step. They demanded entrance, and Bortmas got his shot gun and fired at them. The shot did not take effect and the men broke the door and knocked the old man down. They ordered him to tell where his money was hid, but he refused. They then put a rope around his neck, threw it over the top of a door, and pulled the old man off his feet by the rope. They hanged him in that way three times, but Bortmas stubbornly kept the secret of his money.

Although almost dead after the third hanging, the men restored him, and then one of them drew a long-bladed knife and seized Bortmas by the hair. He jerked his head back, and placed the blade at the old man's throat. Bortmas told the men to cut his throat, but he would not give up the money. Falling to terrorize the old man, the men took a shovel and heaping it full of live coals one of them held it to the soles of the old man's feet, while the other sat on his legs and so prevented his drawing his feet away. This torture was more than Bortmas could endure, and he begged for mercy and told where the money was. The robbers obtained \$312, one-third of which was gold,

They did not believe this was all that Bortmas had, and resorted to the torture of the coals again to force him to reveal the hiding place of the rest. He protested under the torture that he had no more, and the robbers finally ceased. Tying Bortmas to a bed post, the three men went into a kitchen, where they cooked themselves a hearty supper and ate it at leisure. It was after 10 o'clock when they left. People returning from a party heard Bortmas' cries and released him. No clue to the robbers has been obtained. Besides the \$312 they secured, Bortmas had \$1,000 under the floor within three feet of where they tortured him. It is believed they live in the vicinity.

## A NEW ORLEANS DUEL.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mr. Andre L. Roman, editor of the *Trait-d'Union*, and Mr. Emile Rivoire, business manager of the same journal, both of New Orleans, the other day settled a personal difficulty on the field of honor by firing two shots at each other.

It seemed that the gentlemen quarreled regarding business matters, and Mr. Roman challenged Mr. Rivoire, who accepted, choosing dueling pistols as the weapons. Messrs. Charles Le Breton and Charles Lavillebeuvre representing Mr. Roman, and Mr. Bouby and Dr. A. De Villeneuve representing Mr. Rivoire, soon arranged the details, selecting the Arnault plantation, in Jefferson parish, as the place, and the other day at noon as the time for the meeting.

It was a miserable day for a meeting. The rain, in spasmodic showers, fell in torrents, followed by a cold, drizzling mist, which penetrated to the bone. The ground was wet and sloppy, rendering locomotion extremely difficult. Two closed carriages carried the duelists to the field of honor, making the trip to Carrollton without incident worthy of mention. The ride along the public road to Arnault's was not agreeable, and it was with difficulty that the horses pulled through the mud. Finally Mr. Arnault's lane was reached, and here the carriages turned, making their way to a clearing some distance from the river.

Quite a number of people residing in the vicinity, attracted by the unusual sight, followed the carriages to the field and witnessed the encounter from a distance.

It was drizzling when the party left the carriage and prepared for the encounter.

The box containing the pistols was protected as much as possible from the weather, and the weapons were loaded with that care and deliberation usually observed on such occasions.

After the usual preliminaries the two principals were placed in position, and pistol in hand, they stood intently watching each other.

The mist enveloped them, and it was wet under foot, still the surroundings did not affect the duelists, who stood cool and unmoved, waiting for the word.

"Are you ready?" said one of Mr. Roman's seconds, for they had the word.

"Fire—one! two! three!" followed quickly.

Almost simultaneously two shots rang out, the weapons were lowered and the principals stood unmoved and unmoved.

The seconds held a short parley. Mr. Roman's representative demanded another exchange of shots, it being argued that hostilities would cease after this fire, no matter what might be the result.

The weapons were reloaded, the gentlemen resumed their positions, and at the word fired at each other, but the bullets failed to take effect. This ended the duel, honor had been satisfied, and the parties returned to New Orleans in their carriages, leaving the denizens of the locality to discuss the affair at their leisure.

## ADAM FOREPAUGH, JR.

[With Portrait.]

This gifted young man, the son of the veteran circus manager, now controls a magnificent herd of performing elephants, numbering thirty, of all ages and sizes. The press and public of Europe and America are unanimous in pronouncing these wonderful creatures the best trained troupe of elephants in the world. Under the guidance of their tutor they do everything but talk: they form monument-high pyramids, engage in the most intricate military evolutions, play the organ, drum, cymbals, and other musical instruments, keeping time to music; and the performances of the clown elephant "Pickaninny," create more merriment, among both old and young, than all the human clowns that ever walked the arena.

At the close of a recent tenting season, Adam Forepaugh, Jr., at the solicitation of many eminent people of the British nation, went to England with the performing clown elephant Pickaninny and created a grand sensation. He was performed week after week at the Covent Garden amphitheatre to overflowing audiences, for which Mr. Forepaugh received the unprecedented weekly salary of \$1,000. The press say there never was such an interesting exhibition, and the *London Era* of January 27, 1886, makes the following comment:

"Roars of laughter greet the jolly Elephant Clown, introduced by Adam Forepaugh, Jr. This is surely the most comic elephant ever exhibited. He appears to have a thorough enjoyment of his own drollery, and does the oddest things imaginable, while he indulges in a laughable squeak of delight when he has conducted himself with more than his usual eccentricity."

## SPOT, FAMOUS FIGHTING DOG.

[With Portrait.]

This is a twenty-two pound dog, owned by Tom Murray of this city. Six weeks ago he was matched against Mike Lynch's imported red dog Teddy for \$250 a side, to fight on January 8 at 22½ pounds weight, but the police got wind of the affair and there was no fight. The articles provided that in case of interference from the authorities, the stakeholder, a well-known up town sporting man, should order the dogs together again, the party refusing to fight to pay forfeit. The men were duly notified and met on January 11 for the word. The red dog's backers, however, withdrew Teddy and the forfeit, \$200, was paid over to Murray by the stakeholder. The friends of Teddy are constantly making the mistake of matching him at too low a weight, as this is the third or fourth time that they have forfeited. About a year ago they forfeited \$150 to Loss Curtiss. On that occasion Teddy was matched at 22 pounds. In reality he is a 23-pound dog. Spot is bred from the famous Baker dog, out of a Pilot bitch. He will be matched for \$500 a side at 22 pounds. He is 2½ years old and has won half a dozen fights, in some of which he has killed his dog in an hour.

## OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who Find  
Pictorial Fame in These  
Columns.



"Ed." Taylor.

Ned is one of the cleverest and most widely known cocktail artists in the State of Missouri. He is at present the chief at the Windsor bar at Mexico, Mo., where his elegant diamond has glittered for the last four years to the envy of all comers. Ed. is an old St. Louis boy, where he was as popular as his genial concoctions.

## Prof. Rich.

Elsewhere will be found a portrait of Prof. J. E. Rich, who gives concerts interspersed with lectures on the horse's foot.

## Capt. John H. Potter.

This week we publish a portrait of Capt. John H. Potter, of Sea Side Park, N. J. He has made himself famous for saving the lives of many persons. He owns several yachts and is a thorough sport, and very popular in the Quaker City and New Jersey.

## Tom Johnson.

We publish this week a portrait of Tom Johnson, of Salinas City, Cal. Johnson is a wonderful wing shot, belongs to the leading clubs of that vicinity and is very popular. The portrait represents him after the hunt, and would make a first-class subject for an artist.

## George Mann.

On the 21st of March George Mann will be brought before the Circuit Court of Louisville, Ky., to be tried for the killing of his mistress, who was known as Annie Mann. The accused puts forward the very unmanly plea of sickness and self defense. We publish his portrait elsewhere in this issue.

## F. E. Grist.

Was born in Fort Gaines, Ga., Feb. 12, 1850. His father was until the close of the war the wealthiest man in that section of Georgia. He still owns one of his plantations. He is well known as the breeder of game fowls, and he has won several important mains. He owns the famed fighting cock Richard K. Fox, which has been victorious in numerous battles. Grist is very popular at Fort Gaines and the majority of the sports there acknowledge that his game fowls are hard to beat.

## Tommy Danforth.

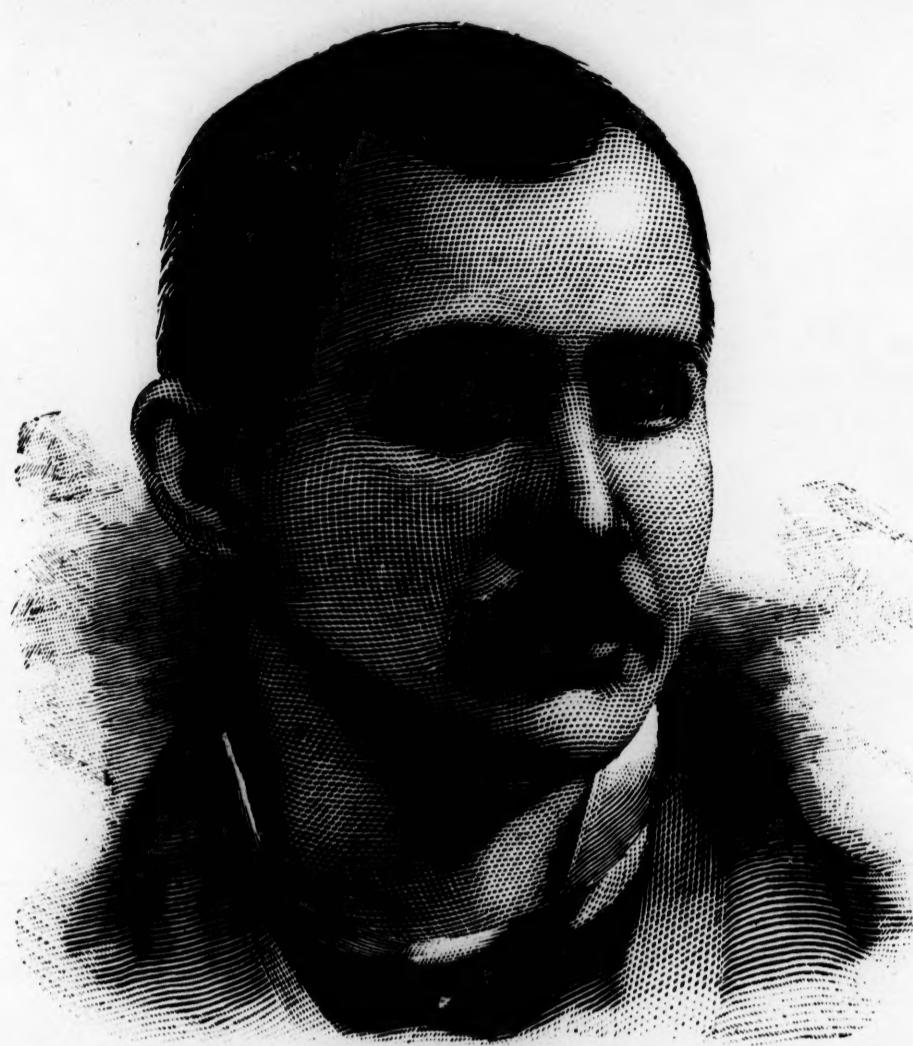
Tommy Danforth is a candidate for the 120 pound championship of America. He is a plucky, sciond adept with the gloves, and has been victorious in quite a number of desperate fistic encounters. Danforth is ready to fight any man in America with gloves. "Police Gazette" rules, at 120 pounds, for a purse. He is now matched to meet Tommy Barnes of this city. Danforth is a native of the Empire State, and was brought up within stone throw of the POLICE GAZETTE building.

## Who Is He?

The face of an old man we print on another page is from a photograph taken from the unknown man found hanging with a rope around his neck, near the Spring Hill School House, Tuscarora, Bradford county, Pa. The discovery has been the chief mystery and sensation of the country about. The following is a description of his appearance. Probably fifty-five or sixty years old; wore black fur cap, small check cashmere coat and vest, dark pants, rubber boots, gingham check neckerchief, blue flannel overshirt, red wool flannel undershirt, merino drawers and red wool hose, about 5 feet 7 inches in height and 150 pounds weight; was seen near said school house Friday night, the 11th inst. An overcoat supposed to be his was found in an outhouse, a one dollar bill, fifty cent silver piece, a red large pocketbook, a handkerchief.

## Patrick Gallagher.

Patrick Gallagher was born Feb. 4, 1865, in Clarksville, Tenn. Height 5 feet 7½ inches, weight 152 pounds. He made his first appearance as a pugilist in Duncan C. Ross' sporting house in 1883, when he thumped Chas. Lange, the alleged Ohio wonder, until Lange ran out of the ring. Gallagher has met several pugilists since, all of whom he defeated, and making Dick Collier, the English middle-weight, forfeit; he also defeated Conly, of Boston, knocking him out in 3 rounds, and finished Prof. Runsey in one the same night, but Gallagher's most important match was with Pete McCoy, whom he sparred 6 rounds, when the police arrested both men and their seconds, Gallagher having the best of each round. He can now be backed against any pugilist, bar Sullivan, and invites Dempsey to a meeting for \$1,000, match to be with bare knuckles. A reply to the POLICE GAZETTE office will meet prompt attention.



ADAM FOREPAUGH, JR.

THE MARVELLOUS BEAST TAMER WHO CONTROLS NO LESS THAN THIRTY ELEPHANTS.



PROFESSOR J. E. RICH.

THE FAMOUS AUTHORITY ON DISEASES OF THE HORSE'S FOOT.



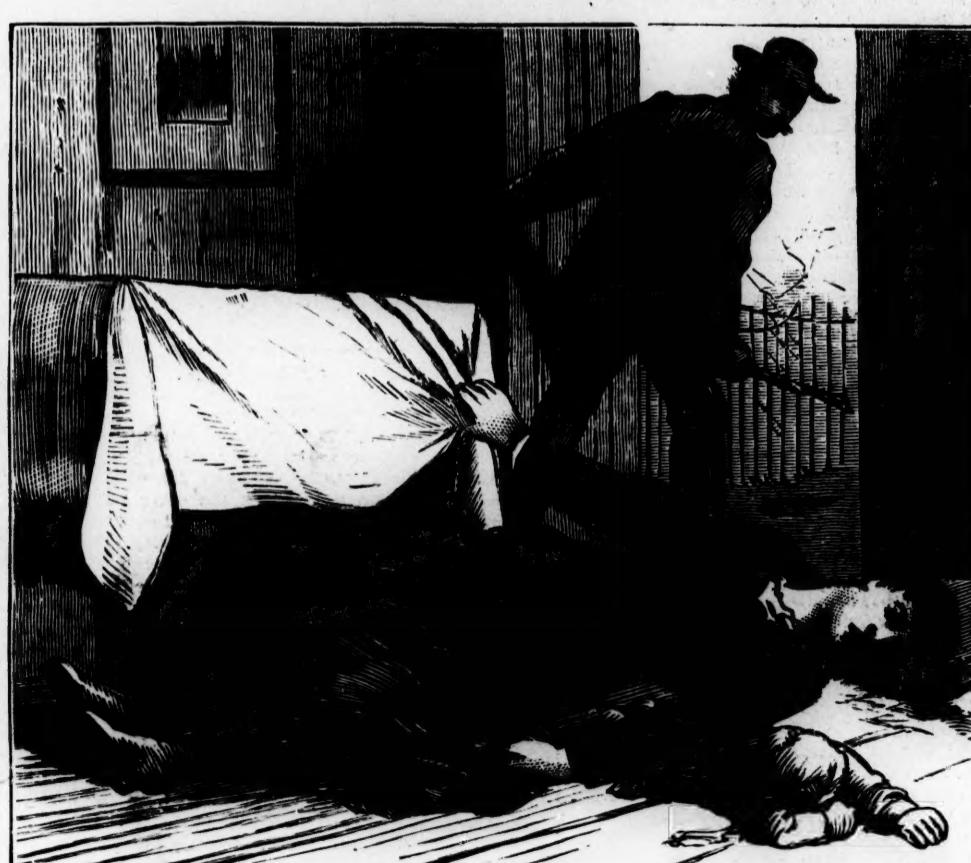
HE HAD TO BE WINGED.

THE DESPERATE MEASURES TO WHICH POLICE LIEUTENANT LYONS OF PHILADELPHIA WAS REDUCED BY DRUNKEN OFFICER MCINTYRE.



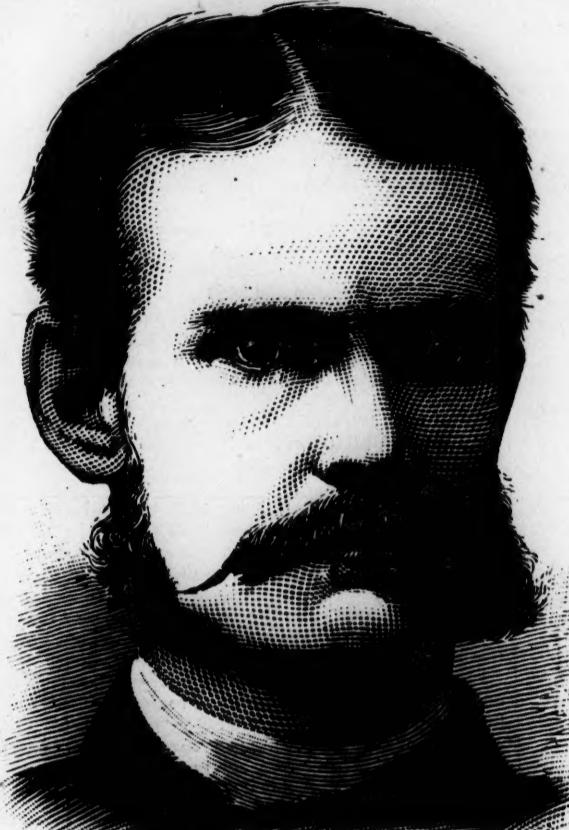
KILLED SIX BOYS.

THE TERRIBLE FATE OF A PARTY OF INNOCENT YOUNGSTERS ON THE LEHIGH VALLEY R. R. NEAR EASTON, PA.

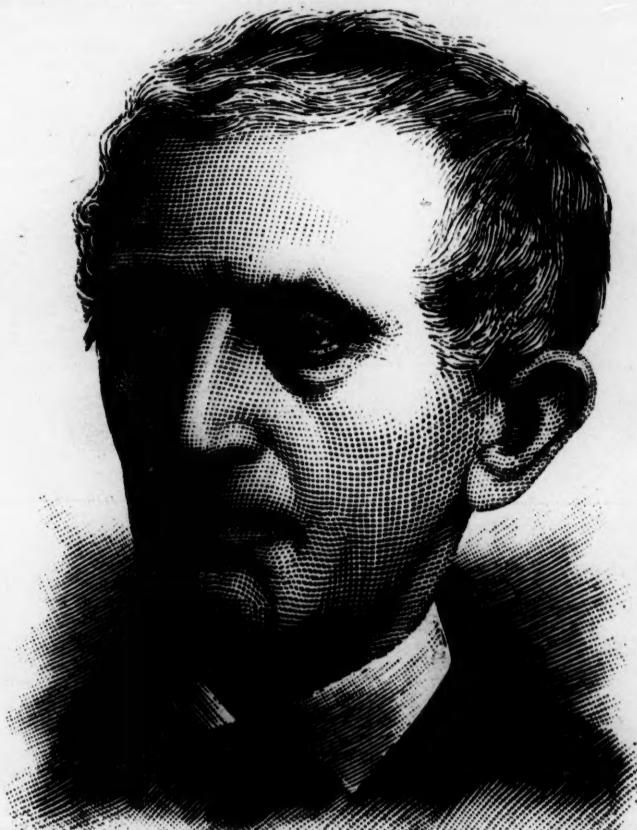


THE STORY TOLD.

HOW FARMER DUNHAM AND HIS WIFE, OF WARSAW, IND., WERE MURDEROUSLY ATTACKED BY BUTCHER PLEW.



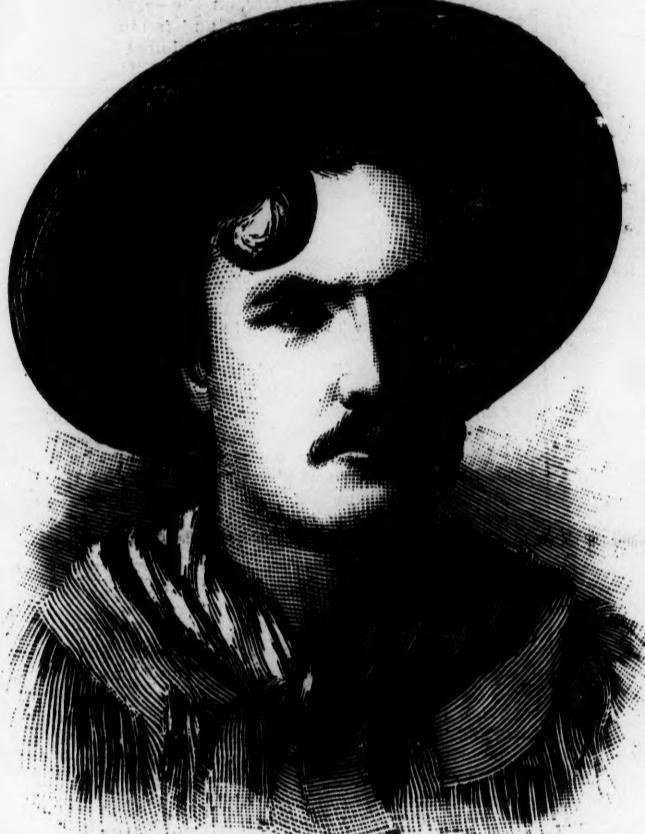
ALEXANDER DIGBY CAMPBELL,  
ALIAS "GEORGE LENNOX GORDON" A VERY CLEVER ADVENTURER WHO SKIPPED FROM PITTSBORO, MISS.



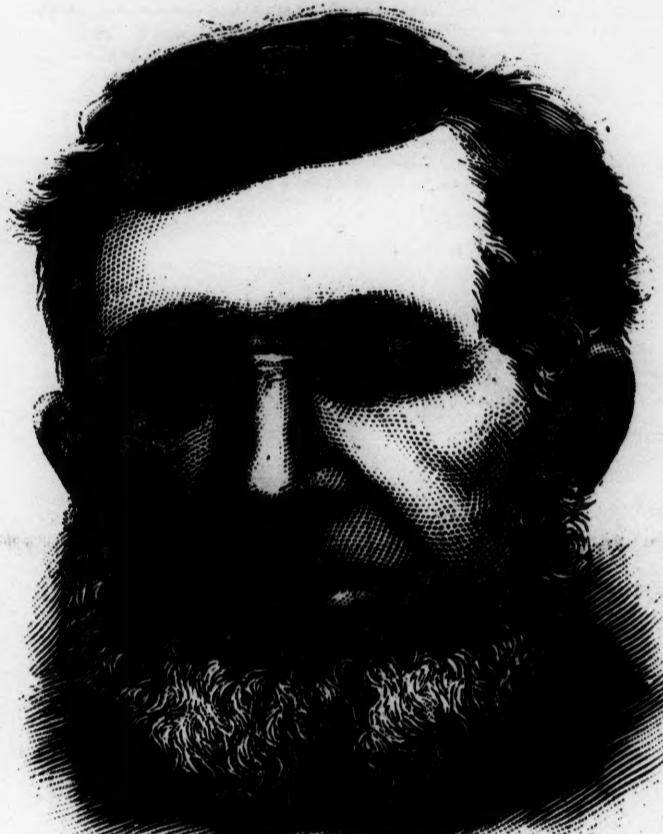
JEHOZADAK JONES,  
THE OLD WOMAN-HATER WHOSE FACE APPEARED SO STRANGELY ON A WINDOW PANE BEFORE DEATH, ASHLAND, PA.



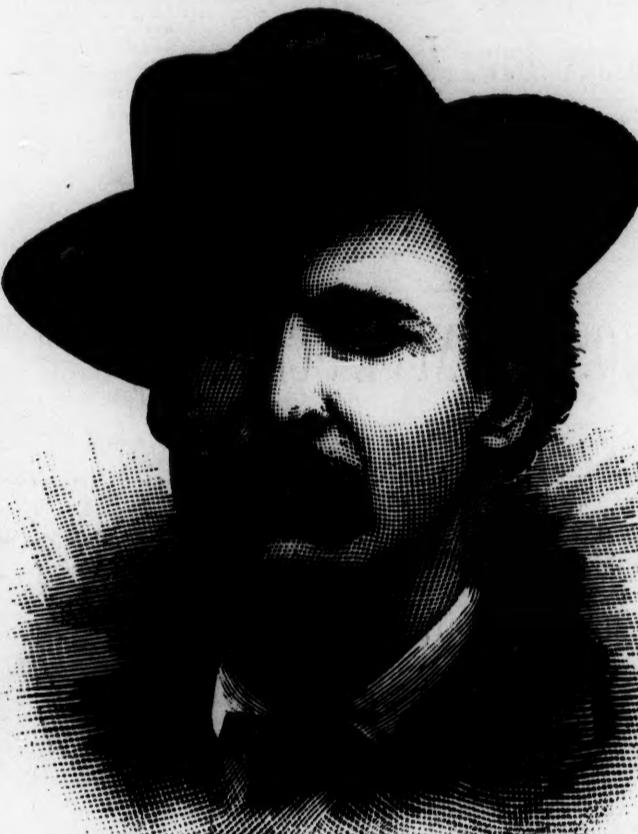
GEORGE MANN,  
THE SLAYER OF HIS MISTRESS ANNIE WHO VERY UNMANLY PLEADS SELF DEFENCE AND SICKNESS, LOUISVILLE, KY.



CAPT. GUS HOLMAN,  
THE BRAVE INDIAN SCOUT AND FIGHTER WHO RESCUED ANITA BEAUCHAMP FROM THE RED DEVILS, NEW MEXICO.



WHO IS HE?  
A STRANGE MYSTERY DISCOVERED IN THE WOODS NEAR THE SPRING HILL SCHOOL HOUSE, TUSCARORA, BRADFORD CO., PA.



JIM COURTRIGHT,  
THE NOTORIOUS IOWA DESPERADO WHO WAS KILLED IN A STREET DUEL BY LUKE SHORT AT FORT WORTH, TEXAS.



HE HUGGED HER.

THE FEARFUL ACCUSATION PREFERRED BY MISS SARAH CAIN AGAINST DR. BLAND OF THE HOSPITAL, WESTON, W. VA.



A DASTARD'S SHOT.

MRS. MATILDA WARREN OF CINCINNATI, OHIO, IS CRUELLY MURDERED BY SIGN PAINTER EDWARD JORDAN.

## SQUARED.

The Vengeful Account  
of the Law With  
Roxalana Druse,  
the Husband  
Butcher.

## EQUAL RIGHTS

A Woman's Inhuman Crime  
Brings Down Upon Her the  
Doom Appointed to Mur-  
derous Man.

A MOST PAINFUL SCENE  
Slaughtering Her Husband With  
a Cold-Blooded Smile She  
Meets Her Own Fate  
With Screams and  
Screeches.

## SHE DESERVED HER DOOM.

The General Approval of all  
Who Have Read the Case  
Applauds the Tragedy  
of Its Ending.

Preparations for carrying out the death penalty in the case of Mrs. Roxalana Druse, who murdered her husband near Herkimer, N. Y., were begun by Sheriff Cook on Feb. 22. Up to that morning Mrs. Druse had shown little feeling over her approaching end, but after playing two or three tunes on the organ which was presented to her early in her prison life, and to which she has had access, the tears came into her eyes. She hastily closed and locked the instrument and walked to her cell sobbing aloud.

Her emotion was caused, perhaps, by the fact that the organ was to be shipped to Syracuse later in the day to her daughter Mary, who is serving a life sentence in the Onondaga Penitentiary for complicity in the crime for which Mrs. Druse was to be hanged. Mrs. Druse had passed many hours at the instrument and a few days ago she expressed a desire to have it sent to Mary, providing that the permission of Supt. Terry, of the Penitentiary, could be obtained. His consent was obtained by letter and the organ was sent to Syracuse. With it were packed all the best dresses, underclothing and keepsakes designed by Mrs. Druse for Mary.

For the last two days of her existence one of the village dressmakers had been busy making the outfit in which the woman was to be hung. Mrs. Druse was much interested in the progress of the work, and it was proposed to keep the dressmaking going until Saturday night if for no other reason than to keep her mind occupied. Mrs. Druse was very particular as to the style and make of the dress, and insisted on having it fit her well. Sheriff Cook could not comply with Mrs. Druse's wish to have a public funeral in the court room where she was tried, with the Rev. Mr. Powell, her spiritual adviser, as the officiating clergy man.

A few days ago a tramp, who gave his name as William Anderson, of Philadelphia, was arrested and

locked up in the jail. It was soon learned that he was a painter by trade and a good one. He was furnished with a pot of white paint and a brush and the gallows on which Mrs. Druse was to be hanged was materially changed in appearance. It was put up in the jail yard on Friday and thoroughly tested. A new

her were something pitiable to behold. Her appetite seemed to have vanished almost entirely, and a tempting breakfast, prepared by Mrs. Cook, was brought out of the cell untasted, with the exception of a few mouthfuls of tea. The gallows was tested amid a blinding snowstorm.



Mrs. Roxalana Druse.

weight was secured, as the one used here tofore, weighing 310 pounds, was thought to be too heavy.

The last week day of Roxalana Druse on earth was passed mostly with her little son, George, aged ten years. Her final parting with him occurred the afternoon of Feb. 26, at three o'clock. It was very affecting. She clung to him and kissed him with a mother's overflowing affection, and those of her attendants who witnessed the scene were affected to tears.

When Dr. and Mrs. Powell called, and the former read a chapter in the Bible and offered prayer, Mrs. Druse seemed quite cheerful. But as soon as they had gone she appeared to break down. She would gaze



Mary Druse.

Rev. Dr. Powell has given the following letter to the GAZETTE correspondent. It is addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Waterman, of the town of Winfield, who have been Mrs. Druse's faithful death watch in the Herkimer Jail since she was sentenced to death. It is intended as a general and final acknowledgment of the kindness of all who have befriended her in any manner. The letter is given exactly as it was written by Mrs. Druse, from her own manuscript:

HERKIMER, Feb. 20.

Dear kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. O. Waterman:

IN PRISON—The time is fast approaching, and soon no doubt I must bid farewell to all kind friends, and



Standing on the fatal cross.

vacantly at a corner of the cell, as though her thoughts were far away, and at intervals would moan and wring her hands. Frequently she would revert to the confession she made about a month ago, implicating the two men, Gates and Elwood.

"The two men were there," she would exclaim to herself. "I am certain of it, and one of them fired through the window."

Attired in a purple brown dress, with her hair disarranged, her general appearance untidy, she sat up and thought and muttered to herself the entire night. She tried to write a letter to her daughter, but her nerves were completely unstrung and the effort was a failure.

It is doubtful whether she realized anything about the hereafter. Her mind did not seem able to grasp

loved ones I have therefore written you. A few lines, wishing you to know that I appreciate all your kindness.

With your good company and kind and gentle words, you have made the long hours pass far more than one, could have expected under these sad circumstances. Should I be reprieved and have to spend my days in prison ever and often would I think of your kindness and its memory will be sweet and a bright sunbeam in the dark gloomy cell amid sadness and sorrow.

Write me a line occasionally to cheer my sad and lonely heart. Truly it will be pleasant to receive letters from kind friends and to realize that I am remembered by those that have so kindly watched over and sympathized with me.



Frank Gates.

anything beyond the grim death which was rapidly approaching. The dangling rope seemed ever present in her thoughts, and she spoke of it frequently. When she heard a hammering in the jail yard she became almost wild, and the despair and dread displayed by



George Druse.

the hope of life is fast dying out. My very heart that faintly beat with fear and dread with the thought of my dear daughter whose heart is crushed with sorrow even to great for words to express and my dear little boy I know will feel when I am gone. I

fear he will miss the 10cts pieces that I have so often sent him in his letter to buy his toys and candies and my written kind words.

My dear children can I ever say Good by to one or die without seeing the dear face of the other. this is worse than death.

I am more than thankful to all in Herkimer for their many expressions of sympathy in my behalf and to all who so kindly signed the Petition also to Gov. Hill his excellency for his leniency two years and one month has slowly passed away since I was ushered in to this gloomy place which was soon made more pleasant by the smiles and kind words of Mrs. Sheriff Brown whose continued kindness I never can forget or either Mr. Brown who once saved my life.

to my enemies who too much glory in my destruction may God forgive them they know not what they are doing.

to all the reporters that have printed kind words of me I am grateful to the New York Ladies. I am especially grateful also all those have taken an interest in my behalf.

and to the Rev. Mr. Powell and his beloved wife, no words can express my sincere thanks.

and to all those who have reproached Rev. Mr. Powell for his good work known to all in this State ask yourself if it is not better to help the unfortunate than to crush out their very life with harsh word and neglect, however, and every editor ought to give him the praise for his good principles, if nothing more.

I have been kindly treated by Mr. and Mrs. Cook, and would ever cherish with fond remembrance the kindness of all should I live.

I will now close by asking you once more to not forget a dear girl of mine in a lonely prison sighing her life away friendless and alone. Write her a line and cheer her in her own deep sorrow.

read this after I am gone where there is no more sorrow and where all burdens are laid down Mrs. and Mr. Waterman Farewell and in Heaven may we hope to meet.

Except my sincere thanks and gratitude.

Mrs. DRUSE.

After writing several letters, on the evening of the 27th, Mrs. Druse lay down again and fell into a dose. She was attacked with hysteria in a violent form, and it required considerable effort on the part of the watchers to arouse and calm her. During the night she ate one of the heartiest meals that she had partaken since she was a prisoner. She had about two hours of rest after 4 A. M., but did not sleep soundly at any time. One of her first visitors next morning was Superintendent Irving Terry, of the Onondaga penitentiary, who brought a farewell message from her daughter Mary, who is a life prisoner, and a bouquet of flowers. This visit had a most exciting effect upon Mrs. Druse. Her death watch, Mrs. Waterman, who had maintained herself admirably throughout, was affected to tears, and for some minutes all were affected in the same manner.

The Rev. Dr. Powell visited Mrs. Druse about 9 A. M. and did all in his power to calm her and prepare her for approaching death. She ate no breakfast, but partook of stimulating medicine prepared by the jail physician, Dr. Guy. Her counsel, H. Dwight Luce, made his parting visit at about 10 o'clock, and this again upset her temporarily, but she soon rallied and appeared as firm and composed as any one. Mrs. Cook, wife of the Sheriff, a lady of peculiar good judgment and common sense, succeeded in distracting her attention from the thoughts of her terrible end, and by her direction no one was permitted to excite her again.

Chaplain Durston of the Onondaga penitentiary came down with another message from Mary Druse. This affected her mother very much, and for a time she was overcome.

At 11:30 the sheriff's jury were ordered into the jail yard, and then Sheriff Cook, Under Sheriff Rice and the deputies and physicians went to Mrs. Druse's cell. They found her weeping and holding Mary's bouquet in her hands and wearing some of her flowers about her breast. Mrs. Waterman, her death watch, stood by her side sobbing. The Rev. Dr. Powell sat in front of her, while her counsel, H. Dwight Luce, Chaplain Durston and the deputies and physicians stood about the door of the cell. Sheriff Cook began reading the death warrant and respite of Gov. Hill. At 11:37 Mrs. Druse's pulse was 80, at 11:40, just before the march to the gallows, it raised to 90. To those who offered to assist Mrs. Druse in arising Dr. Powell said: "She will bear herself well and does not need any assistance."

Sheriff Cook and Under Sheriff Rice led the procession, followed by the Rev. Dr. Powell and Mrs. Druse, and the physicians and deputies. Mrs. Druse was dressed in a black cashmere with lace on the neck and sleeves. She wore a small shawl over her shoulders that was loaned her by Mrs. Cook. The day was bright, but a high, sharp wind prevailed that caused the deputies and other witnesses to suffer severely in the zero temperature. At 11:42 Mrs. Druse and Dr. Powell knelt on the floor of the scaffold under the rope. Mrs. Druse held her daughter's bouquet in her hand and closed her eyes while Dr. Powell offered a prayer.

Sheriff Cook then asked Mrs. Druse if she had anything to say why the judgment of the law should not be carried out. She turned to the Rev. Dr. Powell and said she had nothing to say. Dr. Powell then pressed her hand and left the jail yard carrying Mary's bouquet with him. Deputy Wm. McKinley pinioned Mrs. Druse's arms, knees and feet. She maintained her composure and was firm until Deputy Ballou put the black cap on her head and adjusted the rope. Deputy Manion, who stood at her right, bade her good-bye, as she turned and looking into his eyes, smiled and pressed his hand. Deputy Ballou adjusted the noose under the back of Mrs. Druse's left ear, and pulled the cap over her face. Mrs. Druse moaned, cried, and finally shrieked so loud that her voice could be heard in the jail and street adjoining. Sheriff Cook dropped his hand over his breast, and Deputy Ballou sprung the trap. The 213-pound weight dropped at 11:48 A. M., and the woman's body was lifted about three feet above the floor of the gallows. There was only one convulsion or muscular contraction of the body, and it then hung quiet. The wind was howling fiercely at this moment with a bright sky.

Drs. Kay and Sauter took observation of the woman's pulse and heart during the time she was hanging. They pronounced her dead at 12:03 P. M., but the body was left hanging until 12:14, twenty-six minutes after the weight fell, when it was taken down. The surgeon declared that the neck was not broken and that death was caused by strangulation.

At 12:28 P. M. the modest funeral cortège passed out of the jail yard and through the crowd about the jail. There were no demonstrations on the part of the spectators as it passed.

## SPANK 'EM.

## The Punishment Which Ought to be Meted Out to War-ring Collegians at Cornell.

## LIBERAL EDUCATION

## How it is Obtained in Free Fights, Drunkenness, and Other Disgrace-ful Brawls.

The sophomores and freshmen of Cornell University this year decided, contrary to the ordinary custom, to hold their annual banquets on the same night, and the date fixed was Feb. 25. Mutual fear caused them to make this very discreet arrangement. The faculty rejoiced, for the indications were that the usual fierce contests between the under classes over their banquets would be avoided. Though the skies were thus apparently clear, a tremendous tempest was quietly gathering.

On Feb. 23 the president of the sophomore class, Mr. Leon Stern, of Rochester, N. Y., left for Binghamton, where the sophomores had arranged to hold their banquet, in order to see that everything was in complete readiness. About 6 o'clock in the evening a telegram that congealed the blood of every loyal '86 man went tickling over the wires to Mr. G. S. Fielder, a member of the Sophomore Banquet Committee. A friend of Mr. Fielder, living in Owego, was the sender, and the message read as follows:

"Mr. Stern seized and driven in a closed carriage to Waverly."

The chairman of the Banquet Committee and others left for Owego in hot haste to put officers on the track of the lost executive. Meanwhile telegrams were sent to Binghamton and Rochester in the vain hope of finding some clue to the missing man. The news spread abroad like wildfire of this terrible insult to the sophomore dignity. The experienced upper-class men could easily see the dogs of war would soon be let loose.

At about 10 o'clock five sophas came down like wolves on the fold and gobbled up a prominent freshman who was to respond to the "Ladies" at the banquet. Bound hand and foot, he was carried to rooms occupied mainly by seniors and sophomores. Here the unwilling victim was tossed in a blanket and made to furnish a perfect circus to his grinning captors. Finally he was searched, and to the overwhelming joy of the sophas his toast was found in his pocket. It ended with the words:

"Here is to the girl of the future who will make the heart of the '90 man glad."

The document was placed under lock and key by the exultant sophas, and was read by them in triumph at their banquet in Binghamton. The captured freshman was finally released. He hurried off to rouse his fellow-classmen. In a few minutes a crowd of at least thirty or forty of the most athletic men in the whole class had assembled, and anger flashed from every eye.

The '90 men, led by two juniors, proceeded to invest the block in which were concealed the five sophas who had insulted one of their number. The beleaguered men had their wits about them, however, and emptied two buckets full of water on the vengeance-seeking freshmen. This deluge did not seem to dampen the ardor of the now thoroughly enraged freshmen in the least, and without ceremony they proceeded to force an entrance into the block. The sophas awoke at last to the genuine peril of their situation when they heard the heavy tramp and the rattle of the canes as the freshmen rolled up the stairs. They were four stories from the ground and escape seemed almost impossible. In their desperation they finally thrust a ladder across an alley to an adjoining block occupied by students. Across this bridge in the midst of darkness the sophas crept. The first man made the passage in safety, but before others could follow the freshmen discovered the ladder and came pouring up into the second block. A senior met them and parleyed with them long enough to give the sophomore time to return across the ladder to his friends.

One door after another gave way before the advancing freshmen and soon the hostile parties stood face to face. There were a few oaths, a few blows, and the sophas went down one after another and the battle was over. The prisoners were bound and carried down the stairs to State street, which was completely deserted, as the midnight hour had already struck.

In the excitement of the struggle one of the sophas had eluded his pursuers and, reckless of life, limb or clothes, had slid down to the ground by means of a chute used for ashes. He rushed to the police station, and as the freshmen appeared bearing in triumph the struggling, cursing sophas whose capture had cost them so many bruised heads, a gigantic policeman stepped from a doorway and in stentorian tones said, "Release those men." In vain the freshmen blustered and begged and tried to bribe. The representative of the law was inexorable and they were forced to give up their prisoners, who were only too glad to hasten to their rooms.

## CAPT. ANDY MEADERS.

[With Portrait.]

Capt. Meaders, the Tennessee wing-shot, is one of the best known followers of the trap and trigger in the South or Southwest, being a familiar figure at all the great tournaments held west of the Alleghenies for many years. He has met in his day all the cracks of

the country, with possibly one or two exceptions, always earning for himself a creditable record. Capt. Meaders was born in Louisville, Ky., and is now about 44 years of age and married. Coming to Nashville in 1869, Capt. Meaders became a fireman and was for several years captain of the leading company. His ability, bravery and intelligence soon placed him in the front rank in this important branch of the city's service, and in 1883 he was called to the chieftainship of the department but soon after resigned, and has since devoted himself to mercantile pursuits. He has won upwards of \$6,000 in matches, mainly because of his wonderful nerve power, his unerring eye and remarkably quick movements. Capt. Meaders neither drinks nor smokes, and was a fine athlete in his younger days. He is a fine specimen of physical manhood, measuring 46 inches chest; waist, 39; thigh, 26; muscle, 16½ (arm); weight, 225; height 5 feet 11 inches. Capt. Meaders' record of victories would be too long for insertion here, but the most prominent are mentioned.

Nashville, 1881—Broke 96 out of 100 balls.

Louisville, 1882—Out of ten matches won and divided eight, among others winning Louisville Hotel stake, \$500.

In 1883, at Covington, won and divided nine out of eleven matches; at Chicago, 11 out of 14; at Deleven, Ill., 8 out of 11; at Montgomery, Ala., 9 out of 13; at St. Louis, 10 out of 12. At Nashville, the same summer, on a wager, he broke 121 balls out of 200; he shot numerous matches in 1884, 1885 and 1886, and was uniformly successful. He defeated Bogardus in a shoot at Nashville in 1885, breaking 124 out of 200 clay pigeons. He has also beaten Capt. Bogardus' record, which was 88 out of a 100. Meaders making 97 and on a second trial 94. He is a very pleasant gentleman in conversation and immensely popular in shooting circles.

In practice last week Capt. Meaders, using a 7½-pound No. 12 gun, killed 95 live birds out of a possible 100 from five ground traps, 30 yards rise.

## CAPT. GUS HOLMAN.

[With Portrait.]

Capt. Gus Holman, otherwise known as Dashaway Gus or Moccasin Pete, formerly captain of rangers and chief of scouts, is well known throughout Arizona and New Mexico as one of the bravest Indian fighters, that ever followed a trail. The Indians call him Sasab-Indab, meaning the White Bear, a name well suiting his strength and power of endurance. The Chiricahuas, who have cause to know him, hate and fear him worse than the animal whose name he bears. In the summer of '83 a band of twenty-two Chiricahuas led by Chihuahua made a raid upon Basaraca, a little town on the Basipse river, in Sonora. With their plunder, they carried off with them a young girl, Anita Beauchamp, about thirteen years old. Her father, a Frenchman, was killed some time before. Moccasin Pete ran across their trail and found their camp. Crawling upon a high bluff, he discovered the captive, and seeing that they were about to move camp made his way down. Firing his pistol rapidly in succession and yelling at the top of his voice, he rushed in on them and succeeded in creating a panic among them. Severing the ropes the girl was tied with and taking her in his arms, he made for the nearest rocks. The red devils soon rallied again, and in the fight that ensued two of them were killed and several wounded, the brave little lady, anxious to help her preserver, using one of his pistols. As soon as it was dark they left their uncomfortable position, and though severely wounded, Moccasin Pete brought Anita Beauchamp safely back to her friends in Basaraca, where they arrived after a week's travel. His portrait appears on another page of this issue.

## HER KISSES CASHED AT SIGHT.

Our correspondent at Easton, Pa., writes: The other day, while a young Deputy Postmaster was engaged at his work, he stepped one of our bashful maidens of sweet sixteen with a money order which she desired to have cashed. She handed it with a bashful smile, to the official, who, after closely examining it, gave her the money it called for. At the same time he asked her if she had read what was on the margin of the order. "No, I have not," she replied, "for I can not make it out. Will you please read it for me?"

The deputy read as follows: "I send you \$6 and a dozen kisses." Glancing at the bashful girl he said: "Now, I have paid you the money, and I suppose you want the kisses." "Yes," she said, "if he has sent me any kisses I want them too." It is hardly necessary to say that the balance of the order was promptly paid, and in a scientific manner at that, and evidently satisfactory to the maiden, for she went out of the office smacking her lips as if there was a taste upon them she had never encountered before.

## PLEW IDENTIFIED.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mrs. Dunham, the wife of Farmer Dunham, who, with their child, were so brutally murdered, is now at Warsaw, Ind., in a fair way of recovery, and, although not yet able to make a statement that would be received in court, she can converse intelligently about the affair, and says she and her husband were in the barn, getting ready to do the milking when Plew came in, and soon got to quarreling with her husband, and in a short time they came to blows. She ran into the house, and in a few minutes Plew came in the house and felled her to the floor. The last she can remember is hearing her baby cry with all its might. Plew has not yet had his preliminary trial, and will not have until Mrs. Dunham makes a statement that will be accepted in court.

## THE PASTOR'S PISTOL.

[With Portrait and Illustration.]

Reverend Charles W. Ward, of Englewood, N. J., has as of late suffered a great deal from insomnia, due to heavy losses in speculation. The other night he complained of being unable to sleep, and woke his wife, who is his fourth bride, to keep him company. After a brief conversation, which ended in a wrangle, the man of God drew his revolver and, after putting a bullet in his wife's jawbone, cleverly inserted another in his own head, all attempts to dislodge it from which have hitherto failed. He remains under police surveillance at his residence. His wife has almost recovered.

Emily Kean has two or three offers for next season. One offer is that she shall star in a recent comedy success; and the Hanlons look toward her in view of their revival of *Le Voyage en Suisse*, in which she originally appeared in this country.

## SIX BOYS GROUNDED TO DEATH.

Horribly Mangled by an Express on the Lehigh Valley Railroad.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Six boys were instantly killed on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, near Easton, Pa., by a passenger train, about 1 o'clock Feb. 26. The offices of the railroad companies were besieged with people who, with pale faces, eagerly sought for information. At police headquarters very little could be learned except that the ambulances had been sent to the depot to remove the bodies. Great crowds gathered at the passenger station of the Lehigh Valley road and the people who could not find their boys became almost frantic.

When the east-bound passenger train No. 8 came in with the pilot on the engine covered with blood the police had great difficulty in controlling the excited crowd. The news spread rapidly to Phillipsburg, and the uncertainty as to where the unfortunate boys belonged attracted hundreds of people to Easton.

The bodies of the six boys were taken to Easton and, followed by hundreds of people, were taken to the morgue. They were recognized as Walter Heath, John Gregg, Walter Moon, Charles Bonstein, Manning Morris and William Pierce. They were aged from ten to fourteen years.

The boys, seven in number, had been employed some distance up the line of the road, and were walking home to Easton over the westbound track. As they neared the chain dam they saw a train approaching, and instead of leaving the track entirely, they kept on until the engine had almost reached them.

The engineer was vigorously blowing the steam-whistle and the fireman was ringing the bell to warn the boys of their danger, and the roar of the train prevented the boys from hearing the signals from another passenger train that was running toward them on the east-bound track. Just before the train reached them the boys ran to the eastern track and directly in the path of the express. They then saw their danger, but too late to save themselves. In another instant the engine struck them. Only one of the seven escaped alive.

Willie Pierce, seeing that he could not save himself, grasped his little brother in his arms and threw him clear of the track.

Brakes were whistled down and the train stopped. The horrified passengers gathered around the engine as the trainmen were dragging from beneath the wheels the mangled bodies of the victims.

Strong men shed tears as the little fellows were laid on the bank alongside the track. No one seemed to feel the terrible nature of the accident more keenly than the engineer of the train, who said that he had done all in his power to get the boys from the track. They evidently had not heard his train approaching, and so stepped directly in his path. The terrible accident has plunged the whole community in mourning. The accident occurred on a short curve and a blinding snowstorm prevailed which prevented the engineer and fireman from seeing the boys until the engine was within five feet of them. An inquest was held and the company and employees were relieved of all blame.

## ALEXANDER DIGBY CAMPBELL.

[With Portrait.]

Alexander Digby Campbell, alias "George Lennox Gordon," a very clever English adventurer, is again getting in fine work around the Western country. The last town he worked up to date is Pittsburg, Miss., which he was obliged to skip at one o'clock in the morning. The following letter tells something of his gay career in this country:

ST. CHARLES, Mo., Jan. 31, 1887.

BUCKS BROS.

DEAR SIR—The Circuit Clerk has handed me your letter inquiring about George Lennox Gordon, and requested me to write to you. Alexander Digby Campbell, alias George Lennox Gordon, is one of the most infamous scoundrels alive. He has several wives living—has been in the penitentiary for bigamy, and has been turned out of eight or ten schools for general rascality. I employed him last year, but a few weeks after he came here (from Poughkeepsie, N. Y.) his evil record commenced to pour upon us. I investigated his case thoroughly, and have in my possession letters from New York, New Jersey, Nebraska, England, Scotland, Cape Colony, South Africa, and Australia, which show him to be a villain of the deepest dye. I published him and he made a confession, he has made many before. I here-with send you a copy of my exposure of him, also a portion of the confession he made by himself—published in the St. Louis *Republican*. I have over fifty letters bearing on his case, which you are welcome to. Don't let the scoundrel escape. He ought to be in the penitentiary. He played the martyr here as he did everywhere, and always finds a few fools to back him. For any fuller information write immediately to,

Yours truly, H. M. MYERS,

President St. Charles College.

We publish on another page a portrait of the expert skipper.

## TWO DESPERATE RUFFIANS.

A special dispatch from Memphis, Tenn., says: On Sunday last two white men, giving the names of Tom Woods and William Somers, were arrested here on information sent from New Madrid, Mo., where they were wanted for robbery and the burning of a store. They were taken back to New Madrid on Wednesday by the Sheriff of New Madrid county. It was reported here yesterday by a resident of Tiptonville, Lake county, Tenn., a village situated on the Mississippi river, fifteen miles below New Madrid, that after escaping from New Madrid in a skiff Woods and Somers landed at Tiptonville on the night of Friday, Feb. 18, and proceeded to hunt up a drink. The saloons were closed and they went around thumping on the doors of private houses out of pure wantonness. Finally they came to a stairway leading to a suite of rooms on the second floor, occupied by Ed. Keen, a barber, and Mrs. Keen, who was standing on a balcony, told them to go away as her husband was not at home.

"All right, then," they replied, "we will come back presently."

They passed on, and almost immediately afterward Keen returned home. His wife told him what the two men had said, and Keen, taking an old-fashioned five-chambered pistol, went out to look for them. He came up with them not far away, and, after a brief alteration, drew his pistol and fired at once. The bullet flying wide of the mark, Woods returned the fire

with a 45-calibre revolver, shooting Keen through the stomach and killing him almost instantly. A young man named John Julian came running up to see what was the matter and Woods sent him about his business with a bullet through his wrist. The two robbers then took to their skif, and reaching midstream, fired about twenty shots and pulled away for Memphis, where they were captured as stated. Tiptonville is situated in a wild region far away from any telegraph line, which accounts for the late arrival of the news. Woods is not the real name of the party who did the shooting. He was educated for a civil engineer and is a man of intelligence.

## JIM COURTRIGHT.

[With Portrait.]

We have published in an issue before the full details of the killing of Jim Courtright, the professional murderer, by Luke Short, who got the drop on him in a street duel on the night of Feb. 8, at Fort Worth, Tex. On another page we print a fine picture of the dead desperado, taken from a recent photograph.

## A BAD CHICAGO SMALL BOY.

A special despatch from Chicago, Ill., says: A freckle-faced, red-headed boy, James McNeely, living with his parents at No. 2024 Wallace street, was arraigned before Justice Meech, the other morning, charged with assault with intent to do bodily injury. The complainant was another small boy, George Steinmetz. Both boys are pupils at the Healy School. The defendant is only nine, yet has developed a mania as singular as it is dangerous. Apparently the child is unable to refrain from plunging any sharp-pointed instrument which he may have in his possession into the bodies of his inoffensive companions. This strange feeling he has gratified on more than one occasion. On Friday last, as school was out for the day, "Jimmy" stationed himself at the door, having a keen-bladed knife in his hand. As George Steinmetz passed by him "Jimmy" stopped him, and drawing back his arm sunk the blade into the left breast of the little fellow. The wounded boy fell to the floor bathed in blood. "Jimmy" seemed pleased at his work, and stooping over the prostrate lad asked him smilingly if "it had hurt him."

Several days prior to the above affair "Jimmy" stabbed a schoolmate, "Johnny" Langer, in the arm, producing a painful wound. "Willie" Slack is another victim to the peculiar mania. Mrs. Stout, the teacher, says she has frequently taken dangerous knives from the boy, having found them in various parts of his clothing, once finding a big jack-knife in his boots. Jimmy says the boys are intent upon whipping him and "I cuts 'em for goin' for me." However, his victims assert that they never have had any difficulty with him and that he stays from inborn meanness.

## THE "COMBINE" FEELS HAPPY.

Lucky Members of a Lottery Pool Divide Up Their Prize.

The members of the "Lombard and South Streets Combine," as it is called, were in a state of rapturous excitement on Saturday when the \$15,000 recently drawn by them in the Louisiana State Lottery was divided up. The "combine" has twenty-two members, all of them conductors, drivers or transfer agents on the Lombard and South Streets Passenger Railroad and the sole object of their organization is to buy lottery tickets. Driver McGahan, a veteran employee of the company, was the originator of the scheme. He conceived the idea of forming a pool to buy tickets and divide whatever money was drawn by them equally between the members. Mr. McGahan had heard of Henry Villard's "blind pool" of the Reading syndicate. The driver mentioned the idea to William Ryan, his conductor. Ryan had heard old conductors talk of the palmy days before the bell punch and fare register were invented, when a few years' service on the back platform enabled a conductor to retire and live in comfort and luxury for the rest of his days. He was anxious to show that a modern conductor could make money and still be honest, and he readily embraced the scheme. The two conferred with Julius Weil, the transfer agent at Twenty-third and Spruce streets, and Weil agreed to go in himself and induce others to go in with him.

Weil was a zealous missionary. In a short time he had secured the names of nineteen conductors and drivers who were willing to go in; and these, with the three first named, made twenty-two. They held a meeting and elected Weil president, treasurer, secretary, collector and financial agent. Weil assessed each man one dollar, and sent the \$22 by express to M. A. Dauphin at New Orleans, with an order for twenty-two one-tenth tickets. A whole ticket costs ten dollars, and whatever prize is drawn by the whole ticket is divided proportionately among the holders of the fractions. Having secured the tickets, the members of the combine waited patiently for the drawing to take place.

This event occurred in New Orleans on Tuesday February 8. No announcement of the result was received on Wednesday, and on Thursday night a telegram was sent, asking the number of the ticket that drew the capital prize of \$150,000. The reply was that the lucky number was 73,867. Weil hunted over his tickets and found among them one bearing the mystic figure 73,867.

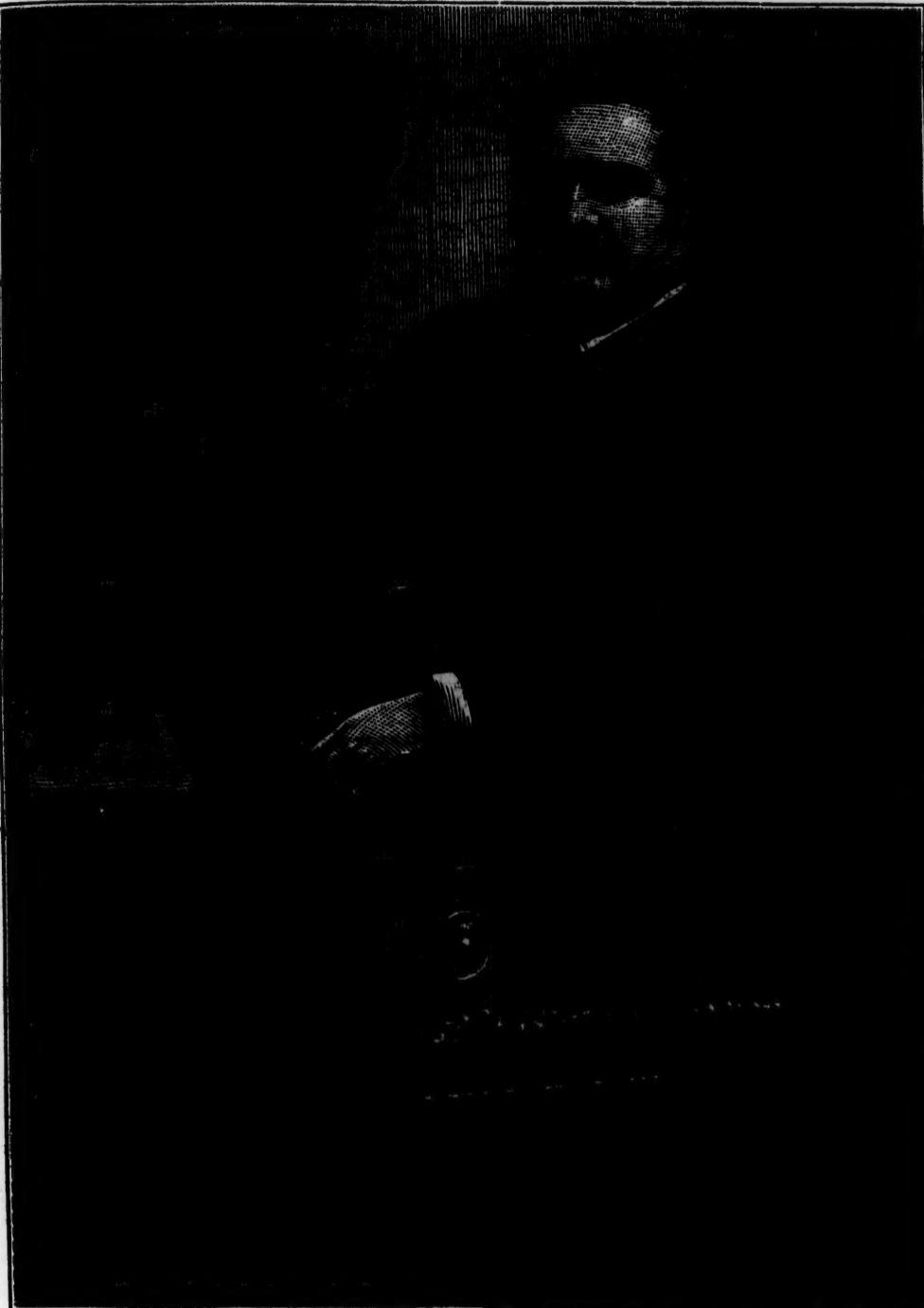
The combine went into ecstasies. Some of the members took a vacation to talk over their luck with their neighbors. Those who stuck to their cars exchanged salutations whenever they passed each other on the road, coupled with most astonishing gesticulations. Meanwhile the president, secretary, treasurer, collector and financial agent was taking steps to collect the \$15,000. In due course of time word was received that the money was on the way. It arrived by express on Saturday. The remainder of this ticket was sold in San Francisco, Portland, Cleveland, Fort Wayne, Rome, Ga., Aberdeen, Miss., and Smith's Falls, Ontario, Canada.



## HER LAST DAY UPON EARTH.

HOW MRS. ROXALANA DRUSE PREPARED TO EXPIATE WITH HER OWN LIFE THE HORRIBLE MURDER OF HER HUSBAND AT HERKIMER, N. Y.

I.—Packing Up Keepsakes for Her Daughter. II.—Praying for Forgiveness. III.—The Last Hymn on the Organ. IV.—The Toilet of Death. V.—Painting the Gallows.



REV. CHARLES W. WARD,  
THE RECTOR OF ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH AT ENGLEWOOD, N. J., WHO SHOT  
HIS WIFE AND CHILD AND PUT A BULLET IN HIS OWN BRAIN.



BOUNCING EVANGELISTS.  
HOW A GANG OF NOISY PHARISES WERE DRIVEN OUT OF THE CITY LIMITS OF  
COLUMBIA, S. C.



TORTURED FOR HIS GOLD.  
MASKED THIEVES TORTURE BY FIRE AND COMPEL OLD JOHN BORTMAS OF OAKLAND, CENTER CO., PA., TO GIVE UP HIS SECRET HOARD.

## PUGILISTIC NEWS.

## A Close and Accurate Resume of the Aromatic Events of the Week.

Harry Gilmore, the light-weight champion of Canada, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Feb. 26, and desired through these columns, to thank Arthur Chambers, of Philadelphia, and Gus Allers, of the Metropolitan Hotel, Brooklyn, for courtesies received during his sojourn in Philadelphia and this city.

A deposit of \$25 has been received at this office, with the following def:

BUFFALO, N. Y., Feb. 21, 1887.

To the Sporting Editor:

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to match Eugene Geary, of Buffalo, N. Y., aged nineteen years, against any boy boxer in America his age, for \$500 a side, three to five miles, single scull race; time and place to be mutually agreed upon. Give or take expenses, and do hereby post a forfeit of \$25 with the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE as a guarantee that we mean business. This challenge to remain open for thirty days from date. If not accepted within the above-named time, we will claim the junior championship of America. Anybody accepting this challenge must give full name and address and where born.

(Signed)

PETER H. DALTON,  
JOHN P. DONOVAN,  
JAS. GEARY.

The Athenaeum Club, Boston, on Feb. 19, was the scene of a terrific knock-out between Jimmy Hurst of Montreal and Dick Morehouse of Salem, for a purse of \$200. Jack Williams seconded Hurst, and Florry Driscoll acted for Morehouse. A member of the club was referee and John L. Sullivan, the champion, was one of the judges. Hurst tipped the scales at 185 pounds and Morehouse at 160. The fight was to be seven rounds, but Hurst did his man up in six.

Round 1—Hurst led, forced the fighting and knocked Morehouse down. The latter claimed a foul but didn't get it.

2—Morehouse pressed Hurst to the ropes, but was knocked off his feet by a left-hander.

3—Hurst led and knocked Morehouse clear over the ropes.

4—Hurst fighting, Morehouse dodging.

5—Hurst, when time was called, rushed at Morehouse before the latter had left his corner and laid him out. Morehouse claimed a foul, but the referee said time was called and he ought to be ready.

6—After some sparring, Hurst, by a savage half upper-cut with his right hand on Morehouse's jaw, knocked him senseless. An hour later he was still unconscious. The fight ended at midnight.

If Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, is eager to arrange a bona fide match for \$500 a side, he or his backer will at once send a forfeit, with articles of agreement, to the POLICE GAZETTE office, as Arthur Chambers on Feb. 26 forwarded no check, but \$250 in Uncle Sam's treasury notes, with the following business-like reply:

CHAMPION'S EX, Philadelphia, Feb. 24, 1887.

To the Sporting Editor:

I have forwarded \$250 forfeite and accept the challenge issued by Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, of Boston, on behalf of Willie Clark of Philadelphia, who I will match to fight Weir according to "Police Gazette" rules, at 124 pounds, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side. The battle to be fought in either New York or Philadelphia. Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder and appoint a referee, if one cannot be selected at the ring. If these terms, which I consider fair, suit Ike Weir and his backers, they can name a day to meet me at the POLICE GAZETTE office to sign articles.

ARTHUR CHAMBERS.

Chambers' \$250 has been received, and if the Boston sporting men mean business they will cover the money and arrange a match.

A desperate skin-glove fight to a finish took place in this city on Feb. 25 between George Klein and Jack O'Brien, both of Brooklyn. Klein is 22 years old, weighs 105 pounds, and has won several hard-glove contests. O'Brien weighs 115 pounds, is 19 years old, and has a good record. The fight was for a purse of \$100. The first two rounds were uneventful. In the third round Klein got in several heavy blows on O'Brien's face, drawing blood. Klein continued to lead, and rushed O'Brien all around the ring. In the eighth round Klein rushed his man, biting him at every turn. O'Brien's face by this time was reeking with blood, both eyes were cut, his lips split, and he could hardly see. He continued game, however, and occasionally got in a good blow. The ninth round opened savagely, and Klein made a chopping block of O'Brien. In the tenth round O'Brien came up gamely, unable to see. Klein got him up to the ropes, and hammered him unmercifully, and O'Brien dropped his hands. The timekeeper called time, but Klein still hammered away at O'Brien, endeavoring to knock him out. O'Brien's second claimed a foul, declaring that O'Brien had been repeatedly struck after time had been called. The referee promptly decided in O'Brien's favor. Klein was hardly scratched.

Tom H. Macy, of California, and James Brady, of Buffalo, fought with small gloves, "Police Gazette" rules, for a purse, at Sandusky, Ohio, on Feb. 20. Brady weighed 185 pounds and Macy about 160 pounds. The first round was a tame and cautious one, and though Brady showed the most solicitude, but little effective punishment was inflicted. Brady, however, had the best of the hitting. In the second round Brady went at his man in terrific style, using his left with great effect on Macy's ribs and chest. Macy returned what he could on Brady's head and face, but got by far the worse of the exchanges, and was weak at the close. The third round was almost a repetition of the second, though the fighting was not quite as fast. Brady kept up his fusillade on the California's ribs, head and neck, and fought Macy to his knees just before time was called. In the fourth round Macy was settled. He made a savage spurt at the opening, but Brady beat him back, and in two minutes drove home two hard blows on his head and neck. The big California went down like a log and was not revived for ninety seconds. There was some betting on the battle, Toledo partie winning on Brady, who was but little punished. A telegram was received from Duncan C. Ross, of Cleveland, challenging the winner to meet Mervine Thompson. Brady says he will accept the challenge.

The New York Athletic Club boxing competition for the amateur feather, light, middle and heavy-weight championships was decided at their elegant club room, Fifty-fourth street and Sixth avenue, on Feb. 26. The boxers who figured in the amateur classes were not up to the standard, but they gave a first-class exhibition, and the decisions, without one exception, rendered by the referee when the judges could not agree, were just and fair. The amateur champions of 1887 are as follows: Feather-weights, Wm. Kenny; Light-weights, Frank Lots; middle-weights, P. O'Keefe, of the Pastime A. C.; heavy weights, W. A. Ronkey. Summary: Feather-weights, Wm. Kenny beat Patrick Kearney. Fred Mahoney sparred a bye with F. Derry, and in the final Wm. Kenny beat Fred Mahoney. Light-weights, Frank Day beat Ed Cahill. Henry Lots sparred a bye with T. Owen. In the final Henry Lots beat Frank Day. Middle-weights, P. O'Keefe beat P. J. Kelly, and in the final P. O'Keefe beat Alexander McWhorter. Heavy-weights, Wm. Ronkey beat George Cooklin and won the title. The officials of the evening were as follows: Referee, H. H. Baermeier. Judges, Robert Bowes and Ramon Guitars. Timekeepers, J. H. Abel Jr., and Charles A. Reed. Master of Ceremonies, W. G. Morris. Judge of Wrestling, Frank Lane. Gymnasium Committee, A. V. de Gourcier, E. H. Goffe Jr., B. C. Williams, G. D. Phillips, and W. G. Schuyler.

George Siddons, of Louisville, and Charley Hawkins, of Peoria, fought according to "Police Gazette" rules for a purse at Peoria, Ill., on Feb. 20. Only a select crowd was present. Siddons gained first blood in the first round and closed one of Hawkins' eyes by some effectual blows, but did not escape unscathed, for Hawkins put his right eye also in mourning and nearly shut out the light. The second round was equally as lively. The third round was quiet, and the fourth it seemed as if Hawkins had won the fight. He drove Siddons around the ring striking him numerous hard blows. The time between rounds gave Siddons sufficient rest to reverse the order of things, and the call of time was a great boon to Hawkins. One good feature of the latter was that he could fight with both hands, delivering the left on Siddons' stomach and bringing the right on his head. Hawkins was not in condition, however, not having placed himself in training for the contest, and he was winded at times, but his wonderful nerve and staying qualities enabled him to give as good as was given him at any time. Hawkins' lack of experience as a boxer was fatal to his chances of success and toward the last he found himself unable to protect

himself from punishment. In the seventh and last round Siddons slipped in the midst of short-arm work and Hawkins struck him while he was still on one knee. A foul was claimed and Siddons was given the fight.

Mike C. Conley, of Ithaca, N. Y., the protege of J. D. Hayes, of the City Hotel, Ithaca, is continuing to climb up the rungs of the pugilistic ladder. Since Conley has made his debut within the roped arena he has met with great success, and if he continues scoring victories in the future as he has been doing in the past three months, John L. Sullivan will no doubt agree to face him in a fatal encounter in the magic circle. Conley's last battle was with Jimmy (Sparrow) Golden, at Prof. John H. Clark's Olympic Club, Philadelphia, Feb. 21. The conditions were "Police Gazette" rules, for 75 and 25 per cent. of the receipts. Conley had been well trained and was in fine condition, weighing 193 pounds, while Golden looked fat at 185 pounds. Dominick McCaffrey was chosen referee and Jack Fogarty and Jack Carroll timekeepers. Two-ounce gloves were worn. Conley opened the fight with his usual rush, and was on top of Golden in an instant, swinging his right hand again and again. Golden ducked and dodged three or four blows, but soon got one on the neck that paralyzed him. Another near the same place sent him down, but he was on his feet in an instant and going at Conley for all he was worth. Conley's erect way of fighting seemed to give him a foot the advantage of Golden in height, which, coupled with his great strength, enabled him to force Golden's head down and hold it there for several seconds at a time. Conley all the time slugging with his right hand as fast as he could. Golden got in one good right-hand shot on Conley's ear that checked the big man for an instant. Golden was forced all over the stage, nearly through the ropes, and once almost pushed down a flight of steps into the dressing-room. Golden was down three times in the first round, and was quite weak on coming up for the second round. Conley met him with a terrible right hand on the ear, and scored a clean knock-down. Golden got up only to go down again, and that was repeated no less than eight times in the round. Golden was down six times in the third round, but made several desperate rallies and fought hard. After going down once in the fourth round Golden's left glove came off, and it took half a minute to get it on again. This little rest put some strength in his blows, and he landed on Conley's ear several times, but after going down twice more Golden became wild and missed. Conley often than he hit him. Both men showed a disposition to wrestle, and Golden kicked at Conley with his feet several times. McCaffrey decided Conley the winner. Golden was down twenty times.

PETER H. DALTON,  
JOHN P. DONOVAN,  
JAS. GEARY.

The Athenaeum Club, Boston, on Feb. 19, was the scene of a terrific knock-out between Jimmy Hurst of Montreal and Dick Morehouse of Salem, for a purse of \$200. Jack Williams seconded Hurst, and Florry Driscoll acted for Morehouse. A member of the club was referee and John L. Sullivan, the champion, was one of the judges. Hurst tipped the scales at 185 pounds and Morehouse at 160. The fight was to be seven rounds, but Hurst did his man up in six.

Round 1—Hurst led, forced the fighting and knocked Morehouse down. The latter claimed a foul but didn't get it.

2—Morehouse pressed Hurst to the ropes, but was knocked off his feet by a left-hander.

3—Hurst led and knocked Morehouse clear over the ropes.

4—Hurst fighting, Morehouse dodging.

5—Hurst, when time was called, rushed at Morehouse before the latter had left his corner and laid him out. Morehouse claimed a foul, but the referee said time was called and he ought to be ready.

6—After some sparring, Hurst, by a savage half upper-cut with his right hand on Morehouse's jaw, knocked him senseless. An hour later he was still unconscious. The fight ended at midnight.

If Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, is eager to arrange a bona fide match for \$500 a side, he or his backer will at once send a forfeit, with articles of agreement, to the POLICE GAZETTE office, as Arthur Chambers on Feb. 26 forwarded no check, but \$250 in Uncle Sam's treasury notes, with the following business-like reply:

CHAMPION'S EX, Philadelphia, Feb. 24, 1887.

To the Sporting Editor:

DR. SMITH—Having read a long interview published in the New York newspaper from Jim Smith, the English champion, in which he states that on his arrival in America with Charley Mitchell, that he will be ready to arrange a match with John L. Sullivan to fight for \$1,000, which multiplied by five makes \$5,000, and that Smith will not engage in any battle with Sullivan unless London prize ring rules govern and the "Police Gazette" Diamond Belt and championship of the world is included. No matter whether there is a match ratified with John L. Sullivan or not, Smith will have plenty of opportunity to win fame, wealth and glory by battling in the 24-foot ring, as there are several men who claim they are ready to meet him. Feb. 26, Billy Madden, the well-known manager and backer of pugilists, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office, posted \$250 with Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder and appoint a referee, if one cannot be selected at the ring. If these terms, which I consider fair, suit Ike Weir and his backers, they can name a day to meet me at the POLICE GAZETTE office to sign articles.

ARTHUR CHAMBERS.

Chambers' \$250 has been received, and if the Boston sporting men mean business they will cover the money and arrange a match.

The six-day go-as-you-please race, 12 hours a day, ended at London on Feb. 26. Littlewood won, and the score was: Littlewood, 405 miles; Corbett, 309; Connor, 300, and Spicer, 260. At Rendout, N. Y., recently, a bull pup was put in a ring with five big rats. He shook the life out of four in 15 minutes, but when the fifth crawled slowly toward him, and actually held up its forepaws as if begging for its life, the dog couldn't be induced to touch it.

Before we can have great champions we must have great fighters, and those things do not occur in a day. Of John L. Sullivan and Jack Dempsey it is no more than justice to say that both have earned their pre-eminence on the top rung of the pugilistic ladder, Sullivan as a heavy-weight and Dempsey both as a middle and light-weight.

In regard to the challenge issued by Pat Killen to two rounds with the hardest gloves the law will allow for 25 and 25 per cent. of the receipts and to take place in Mianapolis about the first of next month, Duncan McDonald says he will accept the challenge, provided the time set for the match shall be the 5th of March. A telegram received later from Killen states that his date will be satisfactory and that the fight may be considered arranged.

The cocking main between Albany and Saratoga was fought at West Troy on Feb. 26. Just before the fighting began the police appeared. An hour after the police retired an attempt was made to fight, but the bimboos again appeared, and then the proprietors of the winged warriors created the impression that they were going away. Instead of doing so they waited around until past three A. M., when fighting began. Nine pairs were in and six battles were fought, of which Albany won five and Saratoga four.

DUNCAN O. ROSS and James Faulkner wrestled a catch-as-catch-can match for \$200 a side, "Police Gazette" rules, at Cleveland, Ohio, on Feb. 26, best three in five falls. Faulkner won the first fall in 5½ minutes. Ross the second in 4 minutes and the third in 1½ minutes; Faulkner the fourth in 2 minutes and Ross the fifth fall and the match in 3 minutes. Reddy Gallagher, the pugilist, acted as referee. Faulkner weighed 160 pounds and Ross about 220. The last match was won by Faulkner in three straight falls.

The oyster-opening match between Dick Balmer, better known as Lightning Dick, and John Gillen was decided at the Alexander Music, 317 Broadway, New York, on Feb. 21 and 22. The conditions were for each to open 250 oysters, best two in three matches, for a purse of \$100, offered by Mr. N. Morris. Balmer won the first heat, Gillen the second. In the final contest both men displayed extraordinary ability, and Gillen won, beating Balmer by eight oysters. Gillen opened the 250 oysters in 14 minutes 20 seconds.

The Manhattan Athletic Club of this city had a boxing and wrestling exhibition at their club room on Feb. 26 side. The fight to take place within 500 or 1,000 miles of New York, four or six weeks from signing articles, and Richard K. Fox to be the dual stakeholder, name the fighting ground and appoint the referee. To prove I mean business, I have posted a forfeit of \$250 with Richard K. Fox. The conditions were for each to open 250 oysters, best two in three matches, for a purse of \$100, offered by Mr. N. Morris. Balmer won the first heat, Gillen the second. In the final contest both men displayed extraordinary ability, and Gillen won, beating Balmer by eight oysters. Gillen opened the 250 oysters in 14 minutes 20 seconds.

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The pigeon shooting match for the championship between Captain A. H. Bogardus and Captain Andy Menders was shot at Compton Avenue Park, St. Louis, on Feb. 22. The terms were 100 birds each, 50 yards rise, ground traps, \$500 a side and the championship American Field Cap. Both men used four drams of powder and one and one-fourth ounces of shot. Captain Menders had the hardest birds of the day and many of his kills caused repeated cheers, half-frozen as were the spectators. Bogardus won by four birds, killing 93 to Menders' 89.

The Harvard Athletic Association held two events at Cambridge, Mass., on Feb. 26, viz., pole vaulting and putting the shot. Dickerman, '90; Leavitt, '89; Wheelwright, '90; and Craig, '87, were entered for the first event. Craig won by a vault of nine feet. Wheelwright was second with 8 feet 6 inches. Gibson, '88; Faulkner, '90; De Lene, '97; Bowen, '88; and Manley, '87, were entered for the shot putting. Manley won, with 31 feet 5½ inches; Bowen was second with 30 feet 9½ inches; Gibson third with 30 feet 1½ inches; and Faulkner fourth with 29 feet 9½ inches.

The Withers Stakes, the first important race for three-year-olds at Jerome Park, will be antedated a couple of weeks by the Brooklyn Derby, which will be run for the first time this year; no book has yet been opened on the first event and speculation in the East on a race of this kind is confined to the former.

The field for this is not likely to be a large one, and if those engaged and that ran last year retain their form the difficulty of picking the winner ought to be reduced to a minimum. The pick of the lot is unquestionably Tremont, and the next best is most likely his stable companion Hanover, but the absence of any knowledge of the intentions of the owners with regard to these two colts tends to give an agreeable uncertainty to the race. If anything should prevent either or both from starting the winner ought to be found in one of a half dozen of the others—say, Flirtz, Milton, (both in the Haggins stable), Santa Rita, Kingston, Belvoir or Rebellion. These were all fair performers last year, and it hardly seems worth while to look beyond one of the eight mentioned to secure the winner of this classic event.

The running turf and the great fixed events to be run on the many race tracks in various parts of the country are now being discussed among sporting circles throughout the country. Already thousands of dollars have been staked upon the Suburban, Kentucky, Derby, Withers, Belmont and other great events. In regard to the Suburban, the New York Herald, Feb. 27, says: Capt. Brown's Troubadour, whose impost of 130 pounds was the heaviest in the Suburban, has declined, as have also his stable companions, Masterpiece and O'Fallon. E. J. Baldwin has withdrawn Volante and Mollie McCarthy's Last. Mrs. George L. Lorillard has withdrawn St. Augustine and will give her chance to Electric, the speedy son of Sensation, who, reports say, has developed into an unusually promising four-year-old, easily capable of handling the 110 pounds which have been assigned him. E. Corrigan has also declined with Hazards, and these, with Dry Monsoon, swell the number of known absences to 17, out of a total of 100, still leaving 83 to train for the rich event, a highly satisfactory exhibit and one in every way complimentary to the official handicapper. Secretary Lawrence, for the result shows that there has been very little dissatisfaction with his handicapping, most of the withdrawals being on account of sickness or, in placing the horses to advantage, taking them out of one race and leaving them in another. The announcement of the withdrawals has brought the race down to a figuring basis, and the bookmakers have been busy all the past week in arranging their lists of odds. With great unanimity each pender has settled upon Tremont as the favorite, the price against him being 20 to 1, and as low as 15 to 1 in one book. There is no pronounced second choice, The Bard, Volante, Baranum and Ben Ali having, in the opinion of the "bookies," nearly an even chance of passing under the wire first, while next to these, in the judgment of the experts, come Electric, Modesty, Bob Fisher, Hanover and Rupert.

The Withers Stakes will be final stakeholder and act as, or select, the referee, if optional with the principals.

—The holder of the belt must contend for the belt every four months if challenged, and not more than three times in twelve months.

—All contests for the belt must be fought in the United States or Canada, and the holder of the trophy will have no power to select the fighting ground, but will mutually agree with the challenger and holder upon the selection of the place.

—If the holder of the belt and the challenger agree upon the place of meeting, the stakeholder will select the fighting ground.

—The belt shall become the personal property of any pugilist who wins it three times in succession, or holds it three years against all comers.

## THE REFEREE.

## His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

I think on Jim Smith's arrival in this country he will find plenty of men ready to meet him.

I had a call from Pat Sheedy a few days ago, and in reference to Sullivan and Smith meeting Sheedy says:

"John L. is the champion of all fighters. There never has been one like him, nor will there ever be in our time."

If Smith wants to fight Sullivan he will have to deposit \$5,000 with Richard K. Fox, and Sullivan will agree to meet him in private, with a limited number of men on each side, and the winner take everything, and it goes.

Again, Billy Madden has a sleeper for Smith. I see he has posted \$250 forfeit and issued a challenge to match an unknown to meet Smith according to Madden prize ring or "Police Gazette" rules, for the sum of \$2,500 a side.

Who Madden's unknown is I think will put many thinking. It is not Ashton, Lannon or Kilrain, I am certain, and whether it is Kilian or Cardiff Madden intends to squander \$500 on. Possibly it may be Jack Dempsey, but I do not think so.

Sheedy has the quality but he would lack the quantity, so that it is not the Colorado champion.

If it is Dominick McCaffrey Madden has selected to meet Smith, then I must say he is a shrewd manager and lost none of the diplomacy and cunningness he time and again displayed when he brought out John L. Sullivan.

I do not state that Madden's Unknown is Dominick McCaffrey, because I am as far in the dark on the subject as any one else.

It may be "Taff" Wall, the English middle-weight, but no matter, Madden's money is ready, and on the arrival of Smith, should Sullivan's arm not be strong enough to guarantee the champion entering into a contest, then Madden's money will not be covered, and Smith's first battle on American soil will be with Madden's champion.

It has just struck me that probably Alf. Greenfield may be the Unknown. He has been fishing for some one to pay his expenses to this country, and time and again he has announced his willingness to again meet Smith. He met the latter last February, one year ago, at LaFitte, and the battle ended in a wrangle, both claiming a victory.

It is my opinion that the pugilistic puzzle of the season is to solve the problem, who is the unknown? and it is doubtful if one can find their way through the maze and discover Madden's champion until Mitchell, Fleming and the English champion arrive.

I understand that Edward Hanlan and Jake Gaudaur have signed articles to row for \$5,000 and the single scull champion of America, and the race is to take place on May 30.

It will be grand race, as the protocol specifies that the distance is to be three miles.

Now mark what I say: If the race is rowed on a suitable course, the day is fine and the water is smooth, the winner will beat the record, barring accidents, collisions and break-downs.

It would be a hard matter to predict who will win, but if Hanlan should row in the same form in the beginning of the month of May as he did when he roared against time at Worcester, and later at Rockaway, then he will defeat Gaudaur.

If he cannot train until he is on edge and Gaudaur should improve on the form he displayed when he nearly broke Beach's heart over the Thames championship course, then Hanlan will have to row faster than he ever roared to beat Gaudaur.

The Hanlan-Gaudaur race will be one of the biggest betting events in the aquatic line of the season.

Gaudaur has made hosts of friends, and his backer, James A. St. John, thinks he can outrow Hanlan and Beach in the bargain.

The announcement that the Boston Baseball Club had paid \$10,000 to the Chicago Baseball Club for the release of Michael J. Kelly created quite a sensation, especially when it was also ascertained that Kelly had been engaged by the Boston club at a salary of \$5,000 per annum.

Mike Kelly, the player for whom this sum was paid, is the best all-round player on the diamond to-day, and his acquisition will repay the Boston club two-fold even before the present year is out.

Kelly is a well-built and good-looking fellow, when his face is not distorted by anger, malice or rum, and is one of Patterson's heaviest "mashers." Kelly as a batter, fielder, or out, and a base runner has no superior.

He is about thirty years of age, weighs 175 pounds and stands 5 feet 10 inches in his stockings. He is a benedict and is glad of it.

Although at present claiming Paterson, N. J., as his home, he first saw the light of day at Troy, N. Y., in 1867. Twenty years later he made his debut as a ball player, playing in the Olympic Club of Paterson, and at once showed wonderful aptness and talent.

The Buckeye Club, of Columbus, offered him his first professional engagement, he playing in that city in the latter part of 1877. McCormack was then pitching for the same club.

The next year he went to the Cincinnati Club and played right field and change catcher. He was also one of the Buffalo-Cincinnati aggregation that visited California during the season of 1879, and his fine figure and handsome face captivated all the maidens of the Pacific Coast.

Early in the season of 1880 he was engaged by the Chicago Club, and he has remained with the team until the deal made with the Boston Club.

Murphy, the colored jockey, receives just double the amount of Kelly's salary from E. J. Baldwin, the California millionaire turfman.

By the way, Murphy was the first jockey in this country to receive \$10,000 a year for his services, not to mention the large additional figure to be received from outside mounts.

I suppose there is a difference of opinion—and it is very natural there should be—as to who is the best rider, some claiming that distinction for Hayward, others for McLaughlin, McCormack, Fitzpatrick or Garrison, while not a few stick to Murphy through thick and thin. The fact of it is, though, that each has some peculiarity or talent to distinguish him from the others. McLaughlin, for instance, has not a superior, if, indeed, he has an equal, in the ability to bound rapidly from the post when the flag falls, so that probably his greatest usefulness lies in the direction of short races. "Dare-devil" Fitzpatrick takes all sorts of chances,

while Murphy's great hold, to use a familiar expression, is in his exquisite judge of pace, his patience in waiting and his determined and tremendous finishes. In short races he is not quite at home, because he is not as alert or vigilant as some in getting away, relying too much probably on his great ability on the home-stretch. But in short scurries and scrambles something more than determined finishes are essential, and if Murphy is not exactly in his element it is in this class of races. But in long distance events, or even down to a mile and a eighth, I doubt if Murphy has a superior in this or any other country, and I am not surprised that "Lucky" Baldwin estimates his services at such a high figure.

After the last contract was drawn up and signed the California turfman remarked to me:

"Ten thousand dollars is a pretty high figure to pay a jockey, the highest, I believe, ever paid in this country, but with the stable I now have and the many valuable stakes my horses are entered in, I think I will be fully repaid for the outlay, since so much depends on skillful and energetic riding, and I made up my mind before now that in that particular Murphy has no superior, while there is not even a doubt as to his honesty and integrity."

Baldwin's other rider, West, made a big reputation last season, his services being more in demand than those of any other jockey in the West. He not only uses good judgment as to pace, but is little short of resistless in his finishes. Like Murphy, he is honest and trustworthy—qualities of prime importance in a rider.

Unlike Murphy and West, who are bright mulattoes, Hamilton is as black as the ace of spades; but, like them, he is noted for his honesty, his fine and cool judgment in a race, and for his determined and vigorous work on the home-stretch. His great ability was so strikingly illustrated last season that its recognition took practical shape by the millionaire warman Haggis engaging him for this season at a big salary.

Stovet, another colored rider, has done very good work in the saddle, but it can hardly be claimed as uniform and consistent. Almost in every particular he lacks the steadiness and stability of Murphy, and, withal, is a trifle careless and reckless.

He may have \$1,000 to-day, and to-morrow be without a cent piece. Some persons are disposed to reflect on his integrity, but pretty close observation compels me to believe he is altogether too often the subject of unmerited criticism and abuse.

The high salaries paid half a dozen or so of the crack jockeys have elicited no little comment and criticism, some claiming that the compensation is beyond reasonable bounds.

On the principle that the laborer is worthy his hire a thoroughly skillful and artistic jockey is worth twenty times what took a bungling and incompetent one, and riders of the latter class are altogether too numerous, and this without the element of honesty and integrity entering as a factor.

There is hardly a day during the season that one may not see a race thrown away by sloshy and injudicious riding. In this era of big and expensive establishments and tremendous speculation too few appear to appreciate the vast importance of skillful and determined riding, and it is this talent coupled with honesty, that makes the crack jockeys—altogether too few—fully entitled to every dollar they receive.

It would appear that in America, at least, the science of wrestling is soon to be numbered among the dead arts. In the past ten years America has seen a score of wonderful wrestlers pass away and none come to fill their places. It seems but yesterday the wonderful and magic-like forms of Bauer, Christol, Carteron, Heygster, Miller, Whistler, Muldoon, Bibby, Duncan C. Ross and a host of other wrestlers were seen savaging before the Louis Jostights.

Bauer was a wonder. He had a huge neck, massive shoulders and a general aspect of solidity from the waist up. Miller was built like Bauer. There are few of our readers but have seen Muldoon, a perfect man to build, with wonderful shoulders, back and arms, and looking for all the world like a living realization of the Farnese Hercules. Heygster was even a strong er looking fellow than either Muldoon, Bauer or Miller.

But Heygster and all the rest have passed away and none have come to fill their places. Whistler died in the heyday of his powers. Miller went to Australia, where he is now at the head of a prosperous gymnasium. Muldoon has lost his strength and power, and now poses in Greek and Roman statuary with roving minstrel shows.

Bauer is in San Francisco, the proprietor of a liquor house, while Heygster is keeping bar in the Bowery, New York. Christol has grown as gray as a badger and has taken part in his last real match. Carteron and the rest have also disappeared.

There are but three wrestlers to-day remaining in the active field. They are Joe Acton, of Philadelphia; Evan Lewis, the Stranger, and Duncan C. Ross.

Joe Acton says Evan Lewis is the coming champion catch-as-catch-can wrestler of the world, but that he has a lot to learn yet.

Lewis is big, strong and active, and has a style of his own, which is very different to that approved at Lancashire, the home of catch-as-catch-can-wrestling. Lewis stands upright instead of throwing the body forward, as Acton and all English wrestlers do.

In the match at Chicago Acton, who is not known there, looked so small, as compared with Lewis, that the people for a time doubted his being the "Little Demon" and the champion of the world. But after he had won they were willing to admit that it might be Acton.

Lewis got the 'strangle' hold on Acton once, and would not let go until his thumb was nearly broken.

Acton was on the look out for the strangle, and as soon as he found he was fast he caught Lewis by the thumb of the strangling hand, and forcing the finger backward would have broken it off had Lewis not released him. Lewis tried to get the strangle on Acton several times after that, but Acton would not allow it.

Lewis several times picked Acton up as though he were a child and threw him from him, and it was only by good luck that the little man escaped landing on his head.

By the way, after the second match was ratified between Acton and Lewis for March 14, a forfeit of \$100 a side was left at the office of the Chicago Inter Ocean, and it was stipulated in the articles of agreement that neither man should engage in another match before the end of March 14.

Hearing that Lewis was to wrestle Jack Carkeek at Milwaukee Acton claimed forfeit.

Recently Arthur Chambers, Acton's backer, received a telegram from Chicago asking if he would allow the match to stand as made if Lewis paid forfeit. He answered "Yes."

Randolph Heiser and Edward McLaughlin commenced to play a 1,500-point billiard match, 14-inch ball line rules, \$600 points a night, at Philadelphia, on Feb. 24. The first game was won by McLaughlin, who made \$60 to Heiser's 47.

The report that H. M. Johnson was about to retire from the cinder path is entirely without foundation. In a letter dated the 10th, to a friend of his in the East, he says: Smith and myself have been retired by the newspapers at least four times, just as you saw "Kitt," when he was married, was going to settle down on an imaginary farm in the West. This retirement story came about in this way: George got married lately, and told a Cincinnati Enquirer reporter he would not run again this season; but I guess if Smith got a chance for a good race there would be no doubt but he would run. I will, as I promised you, be East myself the coming summer, to run in your Eastern handicaps. I am always open for a good race with your best men.

## LATEST SPORTING.

The 300-yard dog-running race between Diamond and Clothes Line was run at Oak Point on Feb. 22, and Diamond won. Time, 16 seconds.

A two-year-old colt, by Red Wilkes, dam by John Dillard, was sold by A. Smith McCann, of Lexington, Ky., to Dr. Evans, of Minneapolis, recently, for \$7,000.

Jaguarine, champion mistress of the horse and sword, and queen mistress of modern amazons, is creating quite a sensation in sword contests, at San Francisco, under the able management of Fred J. Englehardt.

Pat Sheedy and John L. Sullivan presented Harry Maynard with a gold medal before they left San Francisco, for the services and courtesies extended by him to the John L. Sullivan combination and its manager, Pat Sheedy.

Billy Oliver, the New York racing-shell builder, who is well known in sporting circles, is in Orlando, accompanied by Harry Swinger, of the Nonpareil Boat Club. Oliver will row against John O'Connell in a single-shell race. Swinger will also take part in the races.—*Jacksonville Morning News*.

A hod carriers' race, in which each contestant was required to go one quarter of a mile, carrying a hod of bricks weighing 80 pounds, took place at Worcester, Mass., on Feb. 19. This was run in heats, the final contest being between Walter Hathaway, a colored man, and Thomas Bowen. Bowen was the winner. The prizes were \$15 and \$10. The time was 1 minute 23 seconds.

A foot race run at Ouray, Col., recently excited more than ordinary interest, and thousands of dollars changed hands on the result. The race was between Bob Boyer (Black Bob) and Harry Dale. Black Bob ran the distance, 75 yards, in 7 seconds. He is the Lion of the hour, and the miners, who came from the hills in droves and backed him against the gamblers' champion, are painting the town a bright vermilion.

In the great Missouri steeplechase, to be run at St. Louis, among the entries are Ascol, Bucephalus, Carter H. Harrison, Tennessee, Aurelian, Hop Sing, Jim Carlisle and Wellington. Among the new-comers we notice W. R. Woodard, Swiney, Isaac Murphy and Lijero. There is sufficient material here for a great jumping race, and when run strictly on its merits there is no doubt this class of contest is very popular. Tennessee will be the favorite, and if not anchored with weight will capture the prize.

The pool tournament for the championship of America ended in this city on Feb. 19. The following is the full score of the tournament:

	Won.	Lost.
A. M. Frey	6	1
J. L. Malone	5	2
A. O. Salbo	4	3
J. K. Kinn	2	3
J. Menard	1	3
J. Hamilton	0	5

Col. J. H. McLaughlin and J. J. Benjamin wrestled collar and elbow for it, is said, \$2,500, at Minneapolis, Minn., on Feb. 20. The terms were best three in five falls. "Police Gazette" rules required the contestants to wear feather-weight, weighing 122 and 128 pounds respectively. McLaughlin took the initiative and in two minutes won the first fall on a single kielock, throwing Benjamin heavily. When the men faced for the second bout Benjamin suddenly caught an inside grapevine, and before McLaughlin could guard had laid him squarely on his back. This aroused the champion, and he went at the New York man in the next bout in a fury style, that left the result in no doubt. With a quick trip and switch he scored Benjamin in less than three minutes. The next bout was concluded in the same time, McLaughlin winning with an outside grapevine that Benjamin resisted in vain.

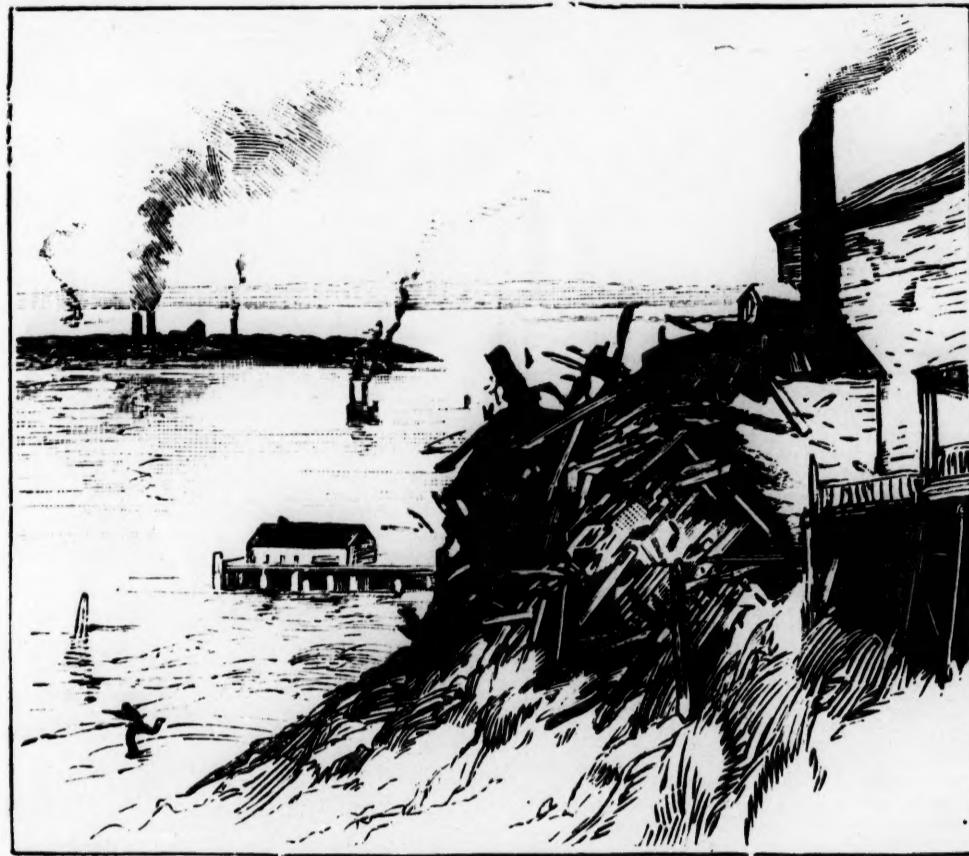
Sullivan has branded Cardiff as a coward, and says that while engaged in the recent battle Cardiff tried hard to throw him by dodging and catching him by the legs. Cardiff, by his own assertions, has verified that he is a coward, or he would not take advantage of any man who is so unfortunate as to break his arm. "I wish I had known his arm was broken," said Cardiff, "and I would have made it impossible for the referee to declare a draw." Such remarks only exonerate cowards, and in our opinion Cardiff should be classed among the pugilists who would strike a man when he is down. It is true John L. is considerable of a brawler, but for all that he is the greatest fighter in the world to-day, and for any sane man to have believed that Cardiff had whipped him was preposterous.

Dan Collyer, of Stratford, Ont., and Jim Connors, of Philadelphia, fought for a purse at Peoria, Ill., on Feb. 20. "Police Gazette" rules governed and kid gloves were used. Both are feather-weight, weighing 122 and 128 pounds respectively. Delaney is tall, and stands several inches above Connors, who possesses a form that shows a good deal of power. In the third and fourth rounds the men fought fast and furious, but the blows were not very telling, and the only result was that Delaney became disengaged from his chest. Connors then held him from putting himself in first-class condition. From then until the finishing round the fighters did little but spar. Connors finally got in a body blow that caused Delaney to feel distressed for wind again, and when time was called he announced his intention of quitting. Delaney had a black eye, the only mark received.

The great catch-as-catch-can wrestling match to decide the championship of the Pacific Slope, between W. H. Hunter, of Louisiana, and Sam Mathews, took place at the Opera House, San Bernardino, recently. The following is a Western reporter's graphic description of the final bout: "Mathews gets the first hold, and raising Hunter on his shoulders, throws him over his head, and Hunter comes down on his hands and knees. Both men seize neck holds and drag each other over the floor in a terrible struggle. This bout showed plainly the agility of both men. Mathews plucked Hunter up and throws him on his head on the bare floor, and then presses him down to secure the fall. When time was called it was found that Hunter had fainted, the cords in his neck having been sprained. Mathews was then declared winner of the match amid great excitement. Time, 9 minutes."

Dan Gallagher and Dick McLaughlin two more of Brooklyn's celebrated feather brigade, fought according to "Police Gazette" rules, without gloves, at Maspeth, L. I., on Feb. 22, for a purse of \$100. Gallagher, who is 5 feet 8 inches tall and 23 years old, weighed 155 pounds. He was seconded by Jack Callahan, of Elizabethport, N. J., and a well-known light-weight boxer. McLaughlin, who is twenty-four years of age, stands 5 feet 7 1/2 inches tall, weighed 170 pounds, and was waited upon by the feather-weight pugilist John Williams and a friend. The battle was a long and desperate one. In the twenty-first round McLaughlin got to the ropes, and, rushing at him as he struggled to get into position, hit him a powerful swing blow on the jaw with his right which laid poor McLaughlin stiff at his feet. At the end of ten seconds, when the referee, and the cheering, gave Gallagher the right and purse, McLaughlin's seconds helped him to his corner. He was as weak as a child when he came to and had to be put to bed. The battle lasted 1 hour 23 1/2 minutes.

In the great pigeon shooting sweepstakes at Dunellen, N. J., on Feb. 22, nearly all the cracks participated. The



CAVED IN.

THE RIVER BANK AT LEOTA, MISS., VANISHES WITH SEVERAL BUILDINGS INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE FATHER OF WATERS



SHE WAS WAY OFF.

THE REASON WHY MRS. BESSIE HARDGROVE JUMPED OUT OF A SECOND STORY WINDOW AT TRENTON, N. J.



ANOTHER CREOLE DUEL.

TWO FRENCH JOURNALISTS MEET ON THE FIELD OF HONOR AND PART WITHOUT BLOODSHED NEAR NEW ORLEANS, LA.



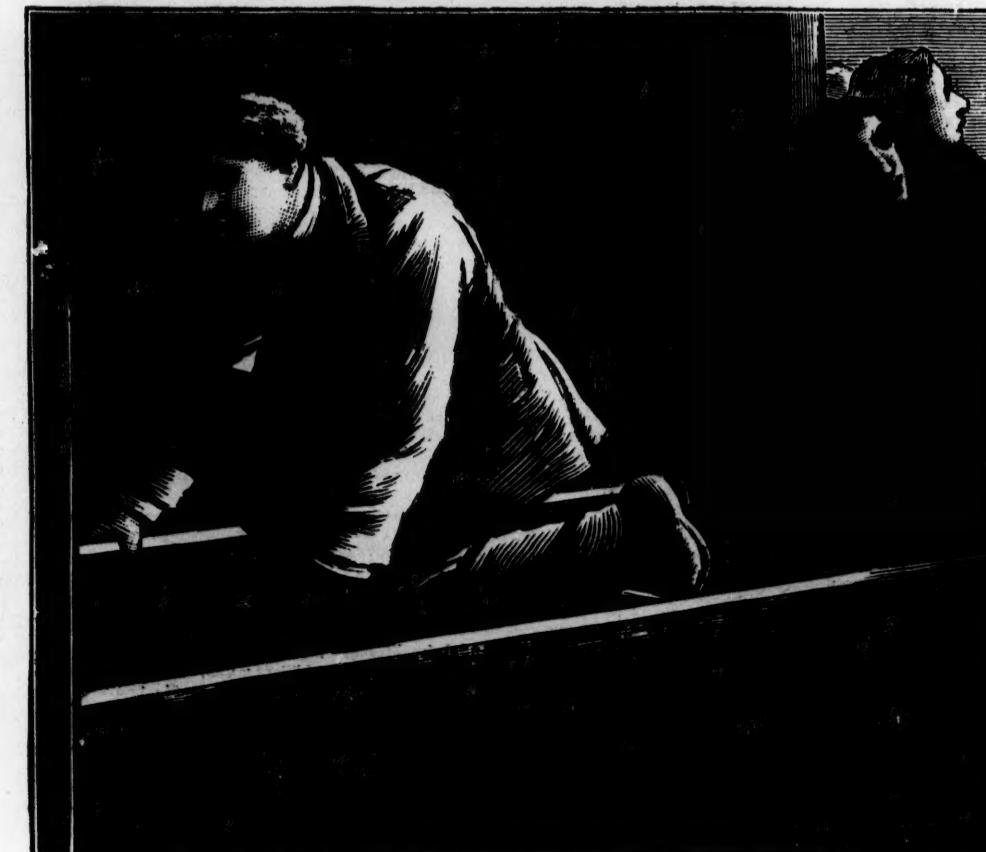
JERSEY-LIGHTNING STRUCK.

MISS LYDIA FORD IS DOSED WITH DRUGGED WHISKEY IN A SHANTY NEAR ASBURY PARK, N. J.



BY MAIN STRENGTH.

HOW A BIG CORNISH MINER SHIED AND HELD A RUAWAY HORSE AT NEVADA CITY, CAL.

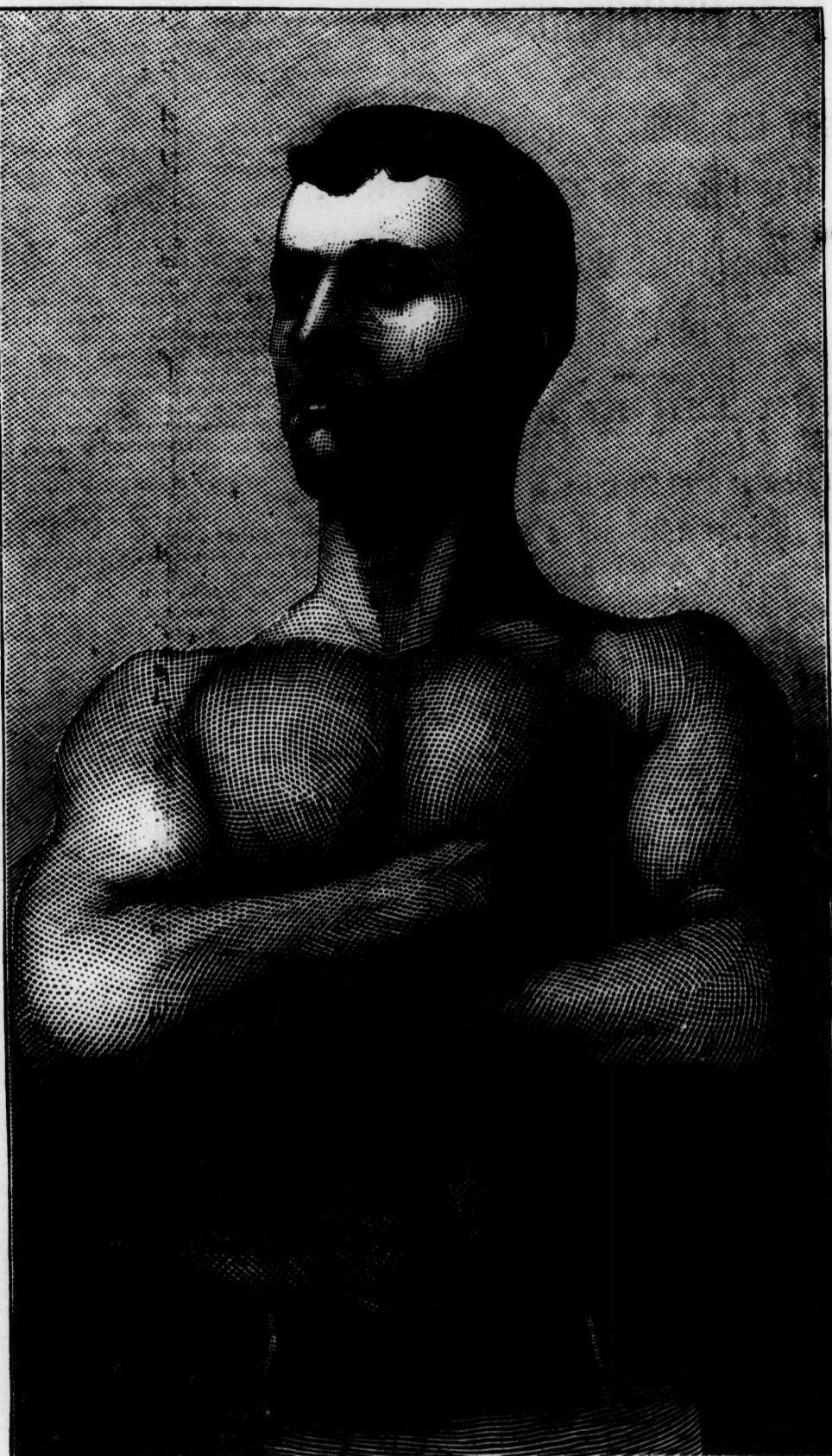


WARRING COLLEGIANS.

THE LAST DESPERATE BATTLE BETWEEN THE BLOOD-THIRSTY SOPHOMORES AND FRESHMEN OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY.



TOM JOHNSON,  
THE CELEBRATED WING-SHOT AND HUNTER OF SALINAS, CAL.

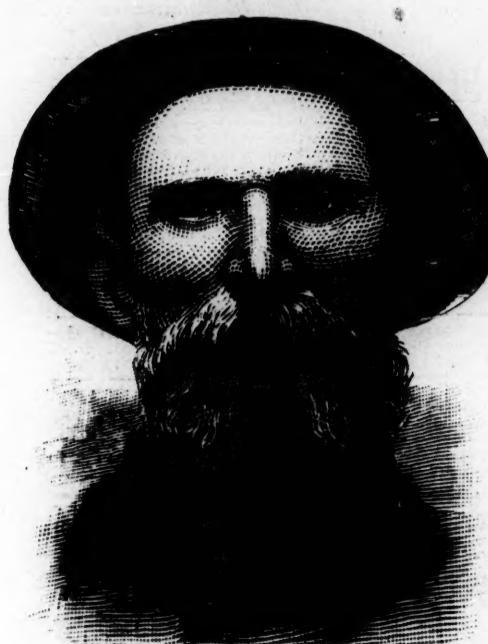


PATRICK GALLAGHER,  
A RATTLING YOUNG PUGILIST OF CLARKSVILLE, TENN.



TOMMY DANFORTH,  
FAMOUS LIGHT-WEIGHT PUGILIST OF NEW  
YORK CITY.

CAPT. ANDY MEADERS,  
THE TENNESSEE WING-SHOT WHO LATELY SHOT  
A MATCH WITH CAPT. BOGARDUS.



CAPTAIN JOHN H. POTTER,  
THE RENOWNED LIFE-SAVER AND YACHTSMAN OF  
SEA SIDE, N. J.



F. E. GRIST,  
POPULAR GAME FOWL BREEDER OF FORT  
GAINES, GA.



SPOT,  
A FAMOUS FIGHTING DOG OF NEW YORK CITY.

## DRUGGED.

## How the Ruin of Lydia Ford Was Effectuated by a Hideous Household near Asbury Park, N. J.

## RUM AND RELIGION.

## An Atrocious Crime Committed on a Young Christian Within Half a Mile of a Baptist Resort.

## [Subject of Illustration.]

Asbury Park is investigating a case of shocking depravity. A reporter discovered new evidence which promises to make serious trouble for the persons accused of crime. It is charged that Miss Lydia Ford, the daughter of religious parents, poor but respectable, was enticed to the home of a girl whom she knew, and was there drugged. She remembered nothing until she found herself in bed the following day. A track walker says he found her on Monday two miles south of Asbury park, lying on the Pennsylvania Railroad track. He had her removed but a few minutes when a train came thundering over the track. Her place of residence was discovered on the fly-leaf of a book found in her pocket.

The reporter visited her parents at their little cottage in the pinewood outskirts of the town. They are hard-working people, with a houseful of children, and the daughter has been a servant. A cabinet organ and a few books are the only "luxuries" in the front room, which serves as the family sitting room and parlor. Mrs. Ford said they were Methodists. Services were held in their house every Sunday. While the mother was talking the daughter sat in the rocking chair quietly listening. She wears short dresses and looks scarcely more than twelve years old. She said: "I persuaded mother to let me go out to service at a neighbor a few weeks ago. She objected at first, but finally consented to my going. On last Sunday evening I went to the Salvation Army meeting. At its close I started home—that is where I work. Miss Eva White accompanied me. When opposite the Baptist church we met Mamie Patten and Lida Wooley. Mamie asked me to go home with her. I finally consented. She lives with her father in the suburbs of Ocean Grove, outside the limits, half a mile south of the camp meeting grounds. Just as we started I saw the captain of the Salvation Army coming towards us, so I went another way, and when the captain had passed I joined the girls again on the next block. Presently I discovered three young men following us. They were George Goodenough, Howard Emily and Francis Riley. I knew them by sight, but had never been intimate with them. They reached the Patten house with us. It was about eleven o'clock when we got there.

"One of the boys went out and got a long necked bottle of whisky. Mamie Patten drank some and then gave me the glass. I drank only a little. I never drink, but in a few minutes everything began to whirl around. I heard them laughing and using bad language, then I lost my senses and remembered no more until I awoke the next day toward noon at the house of my employer."

Mrs. Ford then said that one of her neighbors, a Miss Sorrell, had just told her that two days before the sad affair the Patten girl told her that she was to have Lydia Ford at her house on Sunday night. The boys were to be there. They were to have a bottle of whisky and lots of fun with the Ford girl.

"This shows that they cold-bloodedly laid a trap for my daughter and she fell into it," said Mrs. Ford.

"To-morrow we shall go before Judge Borden with this new evidence, which will put a new phase on the case."

Miss Ford is a tall, slender girl, very straight, and crowned with a head of fine brown hair. She has large gray eyes with dilating pupils, and at times they are expressive. She talks rapidly and to the point.

The reporter next visited Mary Patten. She lives with her father in a little house entirely hidden in the pines that skirt the sea. In the lull of the howling wind was heard the roar of the ocean. It is not more than three minutes' walk to the surf. Mary's mother died a few months ago, leaving a wee baby in her care. The alleged orgie of Sunday night was held in this cottage by the sea. The father and the babe were sleeping in the chamber up stairs. Mary said to the reporter that Miss Ford asked to accompany her home. One of the boys got a bottle of bourbon and the Ford girl drank from both glass and bottle, Mary said, until she became intoxicated. Finally a stupor set in. As the girl could not be aroused, she was left sitting in a rocking chair all night. At eight next morning she was still in the stupor. When she awoke and was assisted down the steps. A little later she was talking with some young men near the house, and that was the last Mary saw of her, as she had to go to town. While telling her story, and giving it a plausible color, the reporter asked her when the young men left the house. It might have been two o'clock in the morning, she said. Eva White remained there all night, as old Mary's chum, Miss Wooley, who lived with her.

At the close of the first day's investigation, Mary was released on \$100 bail but Lida Wooley was sent to the Freehold jail. Both Mary and the Ford girl, who was drugged, say that Lida was innocent and ought to be free. Miss Ford said that Mary was the head conspirator, and filled her with the liquor which put her to sleep. Judge Borden said that Mary had been arrested before. Her record was bad. He felt sorry for her father, who was an old soldier, and his troubles had broken his heart.

## WHAT IS IT?

## A Pestilence That Walks in Darkness—A Destruction That Wastes at Noonday.

We have published in our columns from time to time different advertisements in regard to Bright's Disease and its cures.

What is this terrible disease?

We have taken the trouble to make an investigation from the best sources and we give the results to our readers.

What astonishes us is the general indifference given to kidney disorders. The kidneys do not sound the alarm of their diseased condition, owing to the fact that they have very few nerves, hence few suspect that there is any disease in them. Irritation, inflammation, ulceration set in, and then the little tubes, of which the kidneys are full, are destroyed and thrown off, and from this fact are called tube casts.

As soon as this begins to take place it is only a question of how fast decomposition goes on before the disease results fatally. If the proper remedies are taken before decomposition or waste of these tubes commences or becomes too far advanced, that is the only and last chance for relief. It is at this point or before that Warner's safe cure proves so beneficial, and may cure or stop the wasting away of the kidneys if not advanced too far.

The most remarkable thing of all our investigation is the fact that the patient with Bright's disease has no exclusive symptoms, but has the symptoms of every common disease.

First he may possibly feel a dull pain in his back, generally upon one side, which does not distract him from his usual business routine. After a time he may begin to feel neuralgic pains, or have a slight attack of what he may call rheumatism, or headache, with high or dark colored urine, with an unpleasant sensation in its passage, and after standing showing an unnatural condition. Later on come tired feelings, loss of ambition or vigor, loss of or failing eyesight, which is very common, with a distressed condition of the stomach. Any one of these symptoms is liable to occur.

This, no doubt, accounts for the proprietors of Warner's safe cure curing so many diseases. By regulating and building up the kidneys, symptoms of general ill-health disappear. They justly accuse the medical profession of treating the effects and not the cause. Finally, if this disorder is neglected, the patient either dies of apoplexy, pneumonia, heart disease, blood poison, consumption, or any other disease that the system is most subject to.

It appears that Gen. Logan realized his condition, and was well aware that his disease was of the kidneys, and expressed himself in indignant terms at the folly of the doctors in treating him for rheumatism when it was the kidneys that caused his attacks.

We have no doubt that very many people in this country have the same trouble as the General, but little importance is attached to this malady by the medical profession because of their inability to cope with it, either in its first appearance or advanced condition.

There appears to be some one cause for nearly every other ailment of the human system, but up to the present time no one has been able to fully account for this terrible malady. We understand that the people of Germany have become aware of its fearful fatality and have offered 400,000 marks (\$100,000) to any one that can satisfactorily explain the cause.

RIKER'S COMPOUND SARSAPARILLA is purely vegetable. For eruptions, dyspepsia, headache, biliousness, constipation, etc., it will be found, a perfect cure. It contains no mercury or poison, while its effect is quicker and far more satisfactory than Ayer's or Hood's. In fact, we guarantee entire satisfaction or agree to return the money. Extra large bottles (7½ ounces), 75 cents; three bottles for \$2. Sold only at Riker's Drug Store, 353 Sixth Avenue.

## CURE FOR THE DEAF

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. Conversation, even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials. Free. F. Hiscox, 833 Broadway, N. Y.

## RIKER'S GERMAN COLOGNE

The most delicate and refreshing of perfumes, and one of the most lasting. It will be found particularly acceptable in the sick room, and will also be appreciated by all persons of refined taste for its extreme delicacy. We guarantee this Cologne Water to be fully equal in lasting properties and delicacy to any of the imported "Parfums." Quarter-pint bottles, 35c. Per dozen, \$4. Pint bottles, \$1.25. Per dozen, \$13.50. Per gallon, \$8. Riker's, 353 Sixth Avenue.

## TO READERS.

Don't send money for goods to this office. We cannot undertake to purchase for any one. Send direct to the advertiser always.

Letters to advertisers should be inclosed in sealed envelopes, bearing (upon the outside) the sender's address written across the end, in addition to the advertiser's address, written length wise as usual. This is an almost infallible prevention of loss and disappointment. Letters so treated are returnable to the sender, unopened, if they fail of delivery.

Correspondents abroad are cautioned against sending foreign postage stamps, which are useless as a remittance, post office orders can invariably be obtained and should be used exclusively.

Jan. 20, 1887.

**DEAR MR. RIKER.**  
This is the second "certificate of merit" I have ever written for a medicine. Your Expectorant I consider the very best medicine I have ever used; in fact, it comes nearer being a specific than all the other medicines put together, ever have. My wife has been laid up with bronchial catarrh for a long time. A month ago she relapsed into a condition which boded basty consumption and her cough was literally, not metaphorically, ceaseless. I tried some of the most ingenious compounds ever prescribed by a doctor of extraordinary talents and experience, but somehow they all failed. In despair, I bought a bottle of your Riker's Expectorant. One-half of it only has been used and my wife's cough has entirely lost its original character. She has, perhaps, three short bouts in the twenty-four hours. The spout has completely changed and the nervous irritation of the throat has entirely disappeared. To sum up as a person of a good deal of experience, I pronounce your "Expectorant" not merely a palliative, but a positive, radical and constitutional remedy.

Yours, ARCHIBALD GORDON,  
Editor Police Gazette.

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Mucous discharges, eruptions of all kinds speedily removed by the N. E. Medical Institute's Nervous Debility Pills, \$1 per box, 8 for \$5. Sent postpaid.

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**ALL MEN, YOUNG AND OLD, suffering from**

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**FAILURE IN BUSINESS** and the RUINATION OF HOMES are frequently the result of INNOCENCE OF YOUTH.

**WILL YOU BE ONE MORE** numbered with these thousands of unfortunate? Or will you accept

A CURE?

and be your own physician? Medicine alone never did

and never will cure the diseases resulting from self-abuse. If you will have a Remedy that is Perfect, as well as cheap, and so Simple you can doctor your self, send your address, with stamp for reply, and I will mail you a description of an INSTRUMENT worn

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DR. J. A. WILSON, Box 156, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

MENTION THIS PAPER.

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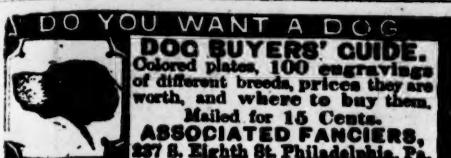
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